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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1839.

REVIEWS

Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England.
By Hannah Lawrance. Vol. II. Moxon.

WHEN the first volume of this work came under notice (No. 532-4), we took occasion to commend the industry with which the writer had endeavoured to trace out from contemporary records the lives of those earlier English Queens, who, —to borrow her own parting words—"viewed in dim outline, or at best in an imperfect light, have in some instances been misrepresented, but in many more dismissed with merely a slight passing notice." The tastes and sympathies which made this labour one of love, are sufficiently evidenced in the fact, that the present and final volume closes with an account of Elizabeth Wydeville—stopping short at what may be called the familiar days of English history. As the character of the work, and our opinion of its execution, were fully explained when noticing the first volume, we shall not again enter on the subject, but glean from its more picturesque and interesting portions. This volume opens with a view of "society in England during the middle ages:"—the following note contains some facts which may not have struck the casual reader:—

"It is curious to observe what an ecclesiastical character pervaded the civil arrangements of the times. The feasts of St. Hilary, Pasch, and St. Michael, were the periods appointed for the sittings of the king's judges; the morrow of Candlemas, the octave of Easter, and the quinzime of St. Denis, summoned the collectors of the revenue to the Exchequer. The burgess was allowed to turn out his cattle on the town lands from Lammas to the feast of St. Martin; the workman's daily hours of labour were regulated by the festivals of the church, and while the bell that rung for 'Prime' summoned him to his labour, with the evening bell the toils of the day ended. It is difficult to imagine what our forefathers could have done without the breviary: Walter of Lincoln we are told came to England on the Sunday when '*Gaudete in Domino*,' is sung. 'Boyle it while ye may saye one Paternoster,' is a direction for boiling a posset, and 'blowe four mots, and stinte (stop) half an Ave Marie,' the rule for blowing the 'dethe when ye harte is ytake.'"

The first Queen in this section is Margaret of France, the second wife of Edward I., and eldest daughter of Philip, surnamed the Hardy, by Mary of Brabant. Of her life, public or private, little is known:—

"By the decree of Boniface her dower was fixed at the sum of 15,000 livres (tournois) yearly, about 3,750*l.* English money, and in the *Federa* we find the lists of the manors and castles, which were to furnish the required stipend. From this it appears Edward, unlike his predecessors, did not assign to her 'those cities, lands, and tenements, which it had been customary for other Kings to assign to other Queens,' as his father's charter to Elinor of Provence recites, but that with the exception of Havering in Essex, and one or two smaller manors, the dower consists chiefly of royal castles. The castle and town of Cambridge, of Marlborough, Porchester, Devizes, Southampton, Guildford, Gloucester, and Hertford, are the most important in the list; while with characteristic respect to his intended bride, Edward farther declares, that 'abundantly regarding the honour and estate of Margaret,' he augments the dower 3000 livres more, and adds, 'and we shall endow the aforesaid Margaret with the above mentioned castles, cities, manors, and towns, at the church door, when we shall have espoused her.'"

As the chroniclers make no mention of her coronation, it is presumed that it took place immediately after her marriage at Canterbury, on the 12th of September 1299. From such insignificant data indeed, as a casual notice of a city pageant in which she took part,—and, in the 'Ancient Kalendars and Inventories of the

Exchequer,' a mention of state jewellery and plate, ordered February 1303, "against the Feast of St. John the Baptist," but *not paid for*,—are the personal events of the Queen's reign to be divined—until we come to her liberal foundation of the splendid church of the Grey-Friars or Franciscans, beside Newgate (now Christ's Hospital), and to the trait of mercy and gentleness of disposition, displayed in her intercession with King Edward when on his last expedition to Scotland; though her intercession could only mitigate, and not turn aside the culprit's doom.

"A curious precept addressed by Edward to the mayor and sheriffs, and dated at Carlisle, June 28th, strongly exhibits the kind and watchful attention of the king toward her. He states that as 'our most beloved consort will in a short time come to the Tower of London, and will there remain for a certain time: we, fearing the dangers which our consort and her attendant nobles may incur from the infection and corruption of the air by access of petitioners from the city, and from other places near the Tower, we command you to proclaim publicly in the city, that no petitioner should presume to come thither, or others belonging to them, in any way whereby the air may be infected or corrupted, on pain of heavy forfeiture.'"

The monarch's death soon followed the publication of this precept. After his decease few notices are to be found concerning Margaret of France. Her death, however, which took place in 1318, was solemnized by honourable obsequies: a service was performed for the repose of her soul in St. Mary Overy, where the king offered "three pieces of Lucca cloth," besides the six offered by him on the day of her burial, to the church of the Grey-Friars, before whose high altar stood her tomb, until the image-breaking days of the Reformation.

Next in historical succession comes Isabel, of whom much more copious details are to be found in our elder chroniclers—details, moreover, of a nature to induce Miss Lawrance to raise a womanly voice of defence in behalf of the long execrated "She-Wolf of France," as one, whose guilt is not proved—while the respect and consideration of which she appears to have been the object, in her later years, warrants the presumption, that, by her husband's immediate successor, she was believed to be more sinned against than sinning. The chapter devoted to Isabel is perhaps the best specimen which could be offered, of Miss Lawrance's skill in weaving together fragments of evidence. No information is to be found concerning the earlier days of Queen Isabel; the first event is her marriage with Edward II. of England, which was celebrated with great pomp in the church of our Lady of Boulogne, on the 28th of January 1308, "in the presence of four kings and three queens." The English and French authorities differ as to the age of the royal bride; Miss Lawrance imagines that she must have been sixteen or seventeen years old at the time of her marriage—not twelve, as stated by Sandford,—from the fact of her having been employed as mediatrix between the King and his nobles in 1313, "an office, which" (our authoress remarks) "would scarcely have been undertaken by a girl of seventeen." The coronation of Edward and Isabel was a magnificent ceremony, as may be gathered from the entries of the Issue Roll—among which are the sums of 200*l.* for *poultry*, 100*l.* for "large cattle and boars," and 50*l.* for wood and coals alone. But that very day, the future happiness of the Queen was threatened by the marked favour shown to the recalled outlaw Piers de Gaveston. He was appointed to walk immediately before the King, in the place of honour, and according to Murimuth, in "noble apparel transcended them all,"—even the four Kings present at the ceremony! Seeds of disunion and mistrust might

probably have been sown between the young couple, on this occasion—seeds certain to ripen, when we find the interference of Louis of France, the Queen's uncle, who demanded that Gaveston should be exiled, and was seconded in his demand by the subsequent parliament—met by every possible evasion and resolution to screen his favourite on the part of "the weak and wayward King." Gaveston was secreted by his connivance, "in the king's chamber, sometimes at Willingford, sometimes at Tintagel Castle"—and the monarch chose to "celebrate the churning of his favourite's wife, with a magnificence which could scarcely have been exceeded, had the Queen herself been the object"—a sum equivalent to 400*l.* of our money having been distributed among the minstrels at that festivity. Meanwhile the barons took arms, and while we find an entry in the wardrobe accounts of 50*l.*, paid to Geoffry de Selling, butler to the Countess of Cornwall, "for bringing good news of the Earl,"—we find only scattered notices of Isabel.

"However she is soon after represented as being at Tynemouth, she was probably at York, and accompanied Edward on his flight toward the north. He however soon separated from her, and again sought the company of his favourite at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where they remained until Ascension-day. Earl Thomas of Lancaster now collected his forces, and advanced toward Newcastle, 'and when the king heard this,' says Walsingham, 'he fled with Piers swiftly to Tynemouth, where having gained ready admission, he demanded a vessel, and though the pregnant queen with many tears prayed him to stay with her, he had not the least pity for her, but taking Piers, sailed for Scarborough.' The unhappy young queen however received more protection and respect from the confederated barons, than from him who was her legal protector. Lancaster sent a message of condolence, but he refrained from visiting her, 'lest,' according to Trokelowe, 'he should awaken the king's anger against her.'"

Our next mention of the Queen shows her as mediatrix between the barons and the King, after the execution of Gaveston—when the nobles "came to Westminster Hall in full parliament and submitted themselves." After this, we find her taking part in the presents sent to the new Pope, her share being a cope worth one hundred marks (1,000*l.*)—"the work of an Englishwoman, Rose de Bureford,"—an incense-boat, a ewer, and a gold buckle, set with pearls, value 300*l.* (4,000*l.* of our money)—splendid offerings to be sent out of a country threatened with famine from a bad harvest. But Isabel's munificence was exercised towards the lowly as well as the lofty:—

"In the wardrobe accounts under this year, we find a pleasing trait of Isabel's charity: it is an entry of money for food and raiment given by her 'to little Tomeline, the Scotch orphan.' And in a subsequent entry, we find that she sent him to London, to dwell with Agnes, the wife of the French organist, to whom she sent money for his keep and for his education."

The apprehended famine came, accompanied with murmuring and rebellion on the part of the people and the barons, and followed by pestilence. The King's new favourite, Hugh de Spenser, seems to have so monopolized the thoughts of the monarch, as to have left him little time to attend to his wife—while her generosity to the Scotch orphan could not hinder her from being all but captured by the Scots, who endeavoured to seize her when she was residing at York,—"probably," adds Miss Lawrance, "with an insufficient guard."

"A singular circumstance, strongly characteristic of chivalrous feeling, took place soon after. The strong castle of Ledes, in Kent, was in the hands of Lord Baddlesmere, one of the insurgent nobles, when Isabel, by direction of the king, and probably on her way to London, arrived there, and demanded

admittance. Baddlesmere was absent; but his wife and sons disputed the custody of the castle, and refused the queen a lodging, even for a single night. On hearing this, the king instantly summoned the neighbouring "good people," and the Cinque Ports, to besiege the castle; and earls and barons, on learning the unchivalrous treatment which Isabel had received, flocked to Kingston with their retainers. The castle was taken, its inmates sent to the Tower, and Edward, profiting by the fortunate chance which had bestowed a degree of popularity on his cause, proceeded to apprehend some of the opposing barons, and in December summoned a parliament, "to which few came, because of the distance, the badness of the roads, and the short days," and at which the king and his council reversed the exile of the Despensers."

The outlawry of the Despensers, it will be remembered, had been decreed by the "parlemen de la Bende," so called from the barons wearing *ten* coloured bands on their sleeves. On the occasion of this sentence being reversed, we find the first notice of the Mortimers:—they had been among the confederated nobles who had seized the lands of the Despensers, and now, having "come to the King's peace" at the Earl of Pembroke's instance, were thrown into the Tower. It is needless to enlarge on the subsequent strifes between the monarch and his nobles, and the increase in power and arrogance of the favourites encouraged by him—but we must notice, though only in a line, the romantic escape of the younger Mortimer from the Tower. A new aggression brings Isabel upon the scene again:—

"The rapacity of the younger Despenser meanwhile increased with his impunity; manor was added to manor, gift to gift, and at length he advised the king to seize the queen's lands. No reason for this most insulting conduct is given by any English chronicler; but we find, from their united testimony, that the pitiful king, who had lavished untold treasures on his favourites, readily yielded to the suggestion, and 'being wroth with Isabel and his son, through counsel of the two Despensers, took from them their lands and their lordships.' This last injury probably determined the queen to seek for that redress in France which long and bitter experience had told her she might ask in vain from her husband."

The Queen availed herself of the disputes between her brother, Charles le Bel, and her husband,—in consequence of the latter having delayed to do homage for Aquitaine,—to pass over into France, having offered her services as mediatrix. This was done, it is said, at the suggestion of Adam de Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, an enemy of the Despensers. Most modern historians have ascribed the acceptance of her offer to the "blandishments" with which she befuddled her weak consort; but Miss Lawrance, with greater show of probability, thinks that the monarch was urged to consent by the younger Despenser, who, presuming on the Queen's natural partiality to the interests of her own nation, may have seen in this mission "a snare, which, on her return, he might easily employ to bring a charge of treason against her." Be the matter as it may,—Isabel proceeded to France in March, 1325,—was there during the signing of the treaty respecting Guienne; remained there also till her son, in place of his father, arrived to perform the homage, the omission of which had caused the quarrel. The small value which she knew the King set upon her "blandishments," may be judged from the answer she sent to the summons of recal for herself and her son, which was postponed till the probable consequences of the long absence of the heir to the crown began to excite anxiety:

"To the entreaties of the embassy, Isabel opposed a stern refusal; she complained of the wrongs which had been heaped upon her, expressed fears for her liberty, perhaps her life, and passionately exclaimed, that she would rather be clad 'in the garments of

grief and widowhood,' than go back; and protesting she should never be content until she had seen retribution on that Despenser who had been the cause of all her wrongs."

The King's letters of reply, to the King of France and the recusant Queen, only strengthen the argument, which it is Miss Lawrance's design to enforce. Thinly veiled by courtesy was their suspicion, and evident in each line the English monarch's resolution to soothe his wife by words, but to reserve deeds of protection for his favourite. Isabel, however, still held aloof, and it was not till the French King was threatened with excommunication by the Pope, and the English King, "by the counsel of the Despensers, outlawed and publicly banished in the courts of London his wife and his son, as traitors to the realm,"—that the Queen, now discarded by her brother, who sent a message to her commanding her to depart,—was compelled to return Englandward. Her desolate state, and the knightly comfort she received from John of Hainault, at L'Ostrevant, and subsequently at Valenciennes, (not altogether guiltless of political intrigue,) are picturesquely described by Froissart,—as also how Sir John raised up for her an escort. Under its care she proceeded to Dordrecht, crossing thence, and landing on the coast of Suffolk. An army presently rallied round her, a proclamation was issued, and a letter, "with hangyng seal," sent to the city of London, copies of which were placarded up and down, and the tidings whereof so startled the King, who was "at meate" when they were brought to him,—that he fled, with the younger Despenser, towards the west.

This historical passage is leading us to an unusual length,—but, having traced event by event, till the queenly influence rose to the ascendant, we can only more briefly notice the retribution which overtook the two Despensers, and the resignation of the crown forced upon Edward. For we must find room for Miss Lawrance's remarks on the closing scenes of that weak monarch's history, in illustration of the guilt or innocence of his Queen.

"The events that followed the deposition of Edward, have been minutely detailed by those historians who most unjustly have passed over the progress of that perverse misrule which eventually drove him from the throne; and, viewing all his misfortunes as originating in the ambition and revengeful feelings of his queen, they complete the picture by delineating her as setting honour and principle aside at defiance, and as eventually joining with Mortimer in the murder of her husband. This charge has so generally and so unhesitatingly been made against Isabel, that the reader will be surprised to find, that so serious an accusation rests upon the assertion of only one writer, Thomas de la Moor. In turning to the statements of two undoubted contemporaries, writers who seem to have kept their chronicles from year to year, Murimuth and the monk of Malmesbury, we find no allusion whatever to Isabel, and yet they, residing, the one in London and the other in the west of England, and keeping a private journal, could scarcely have avoided hearing such a report, and could incur no risk by recording it. Froissart and Pakington, both holding situations in Edward the Third's court, are equally silent; although neither of them is friendly to Isabel; while Avesbury, who wrote about the end of this century, and is considered as a very accurate writer, while he accuses Mortimer, never alludes to Isabel, except to charge her with having lost Scotland, by consenting to the marriage of her daughter with the son of Bruce. Now, surely the testimony of only one writer, and he bitterly opposed to the popular cause, and whose whole narrative is a farrago of the most virulent abuse, ought not to be allowed to outweigh, even the negative testimony of five, not one of whom had any possible reason for concealing the truth. The same writer that charges Isabel with being accessory to her husband's murder, charges her also with having taken Mortimer as her paramour, even from the time of

her visit to France. The falsehood of this charge, although believed by several of our historians, is obvious. Would Earl Edmund, of Kent, the king's half brother, have associated his name with that of a woman whose profligacy must have been so notorious? Would earl Henry, of Lancaster, have joyfully joined the invading army, with all his retainers, to aid in raising the queen's paramour to almost supreme power in the state, or would the majority of the prelates have supported Isabel, had her conduct been thus openly flagitious? Even after the death of the king, there is no direct evidence to prove this charge, which, nevertheless, has been made as unhesitatingly as the former. Earl Edmund of Kent now became associated in the guardianship of the kingdom with Mortimer, and as Dr. Barnes, in his life of Edward the Third, remarks, it is most unlikely he would have done so, had Mortimer been, even then, the paramour of Isabel. He also remarks, that Mortimer, during these years, continued to reside at his castles, in the society of his wife and children, and that he was so far from being the young and gallant knight which he has been so often represented, that he was certainly advanced at least to middle age, and had a numerous family of grandchildren. He therefore considers that the partiality of Isabel for Mortimer, arose solely from the ready aid he had afforded her in her distress, and from the commanding powers of mind which he always displayed."

With reference to the condemnation so long believed to have been passed on Isabel, and the presumed confinement and obscurity in which she is said to have passed her days, Miss Lawrance has counter-evidence to bring; which, though not directly, by implication contradicts the popular account of the Queen's closing years. A charter is quoted from the *Fœdera*, dated sixteen months after the execution of Mortimer, in which her son, King Edward, with special expressions of respect and favour, recognizes her royal station, and, by arrangement of lands, &c., endows her not merely with income but with patronage also. Subsequently she is chronicled in the *Fœdera*, as exempt from taxation, gifted with lands in Gascony, and presenting the minoresses of St. Clare with advowsons of divers churches, to purchase masses for the soul's repose of her husband.

"The most important document, however, relative to Isabel, is one which seems to have escaped the notice of all our historians. This is the *Fœdera* in the articles of the truce, agreed upon between the earl of Doncaster and the earl of Eu, in 1348. In this it is determined 'that our very dear and very redoubted ladies, my lady the queen Joan of France and Navarre, and my lady queen Isabel, the queen of England, as friends and mediatrices between the parties,' (the two kings) 'shall come, the one to Boulogne and the other to Calais, and meet at a certain neutral place,' to mediate a peace. From this period we find no notice of Isabel for nine years; and then a letter of safe-conduct for William of Leith appears in the *Fœdera*, 'who is now at Castle Rising, on certain business belonging to our dearest mother, Isabel, queen of England.' This person was probably a messenger from her daughter the queen of Scotland, who this year came over to England, where she died: she was buried with great pomp in the church of the Grey-Friars, whither, in little more than a year, the mother followed. In November, 1358, Isabel of France died; and the following precepts show the filial respect which the hero of Cressy paid to the remains of his mother. The first, dated November 20th, directs that the sheriffs shall cause 'the king's highways, called Bishopgate-street and Aldgate-street, to be cleansed from all dirt, and made decent, against the coming of the body of Isabel, late queen of England; and another precept, of December 1st, directs the barons of the exchequer to allow nine pounds to the sheriffs for that purpose. From the Monasticon we learn that the body was conveyed, with royal pomp, to the church of the Grey-Friars, to which, during her life, Isabel had been a munificent benefactress, and was buried in the choir; while Edward caused the great west window to be glazed 'for the soul of his dearest mother.' Surely such honours during life, and so splendid and

public a funeral, would not have been conferred on a woman who had narrowly escaped the doom of a murderer, or even upon one whose criminal conduct demanded her expulsion from society."

We have dwelt purposely on this insulated passage, to illustrate the ingenuity and care with which Miss Lawrance applies herself to discussing knotty points, and to unravelling the mysteries of tradition and prejudice. Other parts of the volume might have yielded extracts more amusing, and passages more calculated to make a show in extract, but none more creditable to the research and independence of Miss Lawrance as a student or a teacher of history.

A New Home—Who'll Follow? or, Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers, an Actual Settler. London, Wiley & Putnam.

CLAVERS, according to Scottish glossaries, signifies "idle gossip," and we have no doubt that an "actual settler" has here assumed it as a *nom de guerre*. Be this as it may, her sketches are lively, freshly-coloured, and characteristic, and they will instruct as well as entertain the English reader; inasmuch as they afford him an unflattering picture of the genuine American backwoodsman and woman—a couple as quaint in dialect, as un-English in all their social habits and proceedings, as Mrs. Trollope's Transatlantic caricatures—but with feelings and purposes so much more honest and humane, that, whereas the picture exhibited by "the old woman," was unnatural and repulsive, Mrs. Clavers' sketches are natural and agreeable.

According to her own confession, Mrs. Clavers started for the remoter parts of Michigan, without any very clear idea of the nature of her coming experiences. "When I first," she acknowledges, "penetrated the interior, (to use an indigenous phrase) all I knew of the wilds was from Hoffmann's Tour, or Captain Hall's 'graphic' delineations: I had some floating idea of driving a barouche and four anywhere through the oak openings." But the mazes of a real wood, and the ignoble perils of a real Michigan mud-hole, and the free-and-easy homeliness of real log-hotels, disenchanting our good lady very speedily, and she presently learned to be thankful for bones unbroken, and to be satisfied, though not to a degree of measureless content, with such accommodations as the following:—

"'Jist step in here,' said Mrs. Danforth, opening this door, 'jist come in, and take off your things, and lop down, if you're a mind to, while we're a getting supper.' I followed her into the room, if room it might be called, a strip partitioned off, just six feet wide, so that a bed was accurately fitted in at each end, and a square space remained vacant between the two. —'We've been getting this room made lately, and I tell you it's real nice, so private, like!' said our hostess, with a complacent air. 'Here,' she continued, 'in this bed the gals sleeps, and that's my bed and the old man's; and then here's a trundle-bed for Sally and Jane,' and suiting the action to the word, she drew out the trundle-bed as far as our standing-place would allow, to show me how convenient it was. Here was my grand problem still unsolved! If 'me and the old man,' and the girls, and Sally and Jane, slept in this strip, there certainly could be no room for more, and I thought with dismay of the low-browed roof, which had seemed to me to rest on the tops of the window-frames. And, to make a long story short, though manifold were the runnings up and down, and close the whisperings before all was ready, I was at length ushered up a steep and narrow stick-ladder, into the sleeping apartment. Here, surrounded by beds of all sizes spread on the floor, was a bedstead, placed under the peak of the roof, in order to gain space for its height, and round this state-bed, for such it evidently was, although not supplied with pillows at each end, all the men and boys I had seen below stairs, were to repose. Sundry old quilts were fastened by forks to the rafters in

such a way as to serve as a partial screen, and with this I was obliged to be content."

This sleeping chamber, however, was little worse than the apartment which our authoress was to occupy for a whole summer, on her first settling at Montacute: and that not as a sojourner with one Mistress Ketchum, and her daughter Irene, but under her own roof. The following passages will cause many a timid, tidy English Mrs. Wilnot (*vide* Hood's travelling party,) to shiver at the bare idea of "life in the wilds":—

"Behold me seated on a box, in the midst of as anomalous a congregation of household goods as ever met under one roof in the back-woods, engaged in the seemingly hopeless task of calling order out of chaos, attempting occasionally to throw out a hint for the instruction of Mrs. Jennings, who uniformly replied by requesting me not to fret, as she knew what she was about. Mr. Jennings, with the aid of his sons, undertook the release of the pent-up myriads of articles which crammed the boxes, many of which, though ranked when they were put in as absolutely essential, seemed ridiculously superfluous when they came out. The many observations made by the spectators as each new wonder made its appearance, though at first rather amusing, became after a while quite vexatious; for the truth began to dawn upon me that the common sense was all on their side. 'What on airth's them gimcracks for?' said my lady, 'as a nest of delicate jappanned tables were set out upon the uneven floor. I tried to explain to her the various convenient uses to which they were applicable; but she looked very scornfully after all, and said, 'I guess they'll do better for kindlin's than anything else, here.' And I began to cast a disrespectful glance upon them myself, and forthwith ordered them up stairs, wondering in my own mind how I could have thought a log-house would afford space for such superfluities.

"A neat looking girl with 'scarlet hair and belt to match,' immediately set about 'reconciling' as she called it, with a good degree of energy and ingenuity. I was forced to confess that she knew much better than I how to make a log-house comfortable. She began by turning out of doors the tall cup-board, which had puzzled me all the morning, observing very justly, 'Where there ain't no room for a thing, why, there ain't'; and this decision cut the Gordian knot of all my plans and failures in the disposal of the ungainly convenience. It did yeoman's service long afterwards as a corn-crib. * *

"All this time there was a blazing fire in the chimney to accommodate Mrs. Jennings in her operations, and while the doors and windows were open we were not sensible of much discomfort from it. Supper was prepared and eaten—beds spread on the floor, and the children stowed away. Mrs. Jennings and our other 'helps' had departed, and I prepared to rest from my unutterable weariness, when I began to be sensible of the suffocating heat of the place. I tried to think it would grow cooler in a little while, but it was absolutely insufferable to the children as well as myself, and I was fain to set both doors open, and in this exposed situation passed the first night in my western home, alone with my children and far from any neighbour. If I could live a century, I think that night will never fade from my memory. Excessive fatigue made it impossible to avoid falling asleep, yet the fear of being devoured by wild beasts, or poisoned by rattle-snakes, caused me to start up after every nap with sensations of horror and alarm, which could hardly have been increased by the actual occurrence of all I dreaded. Many wretched hours passed in this manner. At length sleep fairly overcame fear, and we were awakened only by a wild storm of wind and rain, which drove in upon us and completely wetted every thing within reach. A doleful morning was this—no fire on the hearth—streams of water on the floor, and three hungry children to get breakfast for. I tried to kindle a blaze with matches, but, alas! even the straw from the packing-boxes was soaked with the cruel rain; and I was distributing bread to the hungry, hopeless of anything more, when Mr. Jennings made his appearance. 'I was thinking you'd begin to be sick o' your bargain by this time,' said the good man, 'and so I thought I'd come and help you a spell.' * *

"My first care was to inquire where I might be able to procure a domestic, for I saw plainly I must not expect any aid from Miss Irene or her younger sister, who were just such 'captive-princesses' looking dumsels as Miss Martineau mentions having seen in a country inn somewhere on her tour. 'Well, I don't know,' said Mrs. Ketchum in reply to my questions; 'there was a young lady here yesterday that was saying she didn't know but she'd live out a spell till she'd bought her a new dress.' 'Oh! but I wish to get a girl who will remain with me; I should not like to change often.' Mrs. Ketchum smiled rather scornfully at this, and said there were not many girls about here that cared to live out long at a time. My spirits fell at this view of the matter. Some of my dear theorizing friends in the civilized world had dissuaded me most earnestly from bringing a maid with me. 'She would always be discontented and anxious to return; and you'll find plenty of good farmer's daughters ready to live with you for the sake of earning a little mooney.' Good souls! how little did they know of Michigan! I have since that day seen the interior of many a wretched dwelling, with almost literally nothing in it but a bed, a chest, and a table; children ragged to the last degree, and potatoes the only fare; but never yet saw I one where the daughter was willing to own herself obliged to live out at service. She would 'hire out' long enough to buy some article of dress, perhaps, or 'because our folks have been sick, and want a little money to pay the doctor,' or for some such special reason; but never as a regular calling, or with an acknowledgment of inferior station. This state of things appalled me at first; but I have learned a better philosophy since. I find no difficulty now in getting such aid as I require, and but little in retaining it as long as I wish, though there is always a desire of making an occasional display of independence. Since living with one for wages is considered by common consent a favour, I take it as a favour; and, this point once conceded, all goes well."

Mrs. Clavers, however, understood the wisdom of the Scottish proverb, which bids us "set a stout heart to a stae brae." Her sensible good-humour and activity enabled her, ere long, to declare that "difficulties began to melt away like a frosty rime." We ought to have told in the beginning, that Montacute was little more than a village on paper when Mrs. Clavers reached it—its name, even, to be decided by the drawing of lots. By degrees, however, streets were carved out in "the bush," and a mill and a tavern were built: indeed, says our chronicler, "I could not but marvel how so many carpenters had happened to 'locate' within a few miles of each other in this favoured spot; but I have since learned that a plane, a chisel, and two dollars a day make a carpenter in Michigan. Mill-wrights, too, are remarkably abundant; but I have never been able to discover any essential difference between them and the carpenters, except that they receive three dollars per diem, which, no doubt, creates a distinction in time."

Neighbours now began to show themselves, and, with neighbours, such characters as a Mrs. Clavers likes to sketch. Neighbourship is no sinecure in the wilds:—

"'Mother wants your sifter, and she says she guesses you can let her have some sugar and tea, 'cause you've got plenty.' This excellent reason, 'cause you've got plenty,' is conclusive as to sharing with your neighbours. Whoever comes into Michigan with nothing, will be sure to better his condition; but wo to him that brings with him anything like an appearance of abundance, whether of money or mere household conveniences. To have them, and not be willing to share them in some sort with the whole community, is an unpardonable crime. You must lend your best horse to *qui que ce soit*, to go ten miles over hill and marsh, in the darkest night, for a doctor; or your team to travel twenty after a 'gal,' your wheel-barrows, your shovels, your utensils of all sorts, belong, not to yourself, but to the public, who do not think it necessary even to ask a loan, but take it for granted. The two saddles and bridles of Mont-

acute spend most of their time travelling from house to house a-manback; and I have actually known a stray martingale to be traced to four dwellings two miles apart, having been lent from one to another, without a word to the original proprietor, who sat waiting, not very patiently, to commence a journey. Then within doors, an inventory of your plenishing of all sorts, would scarcely more than include the articles which you are solicited to lend. Not only are all kitchen utensils as much your neighbours' as your own, but bedsteads, beds, blankets, sheets, travel from house to house. * * Sieves, smoothing irons, and churns run about as if they had legs; one brass kettle is enough for a whole neighbourhood; and I could point to a cradle which has rocked half the babies in Montacute. For my own part, I have lent my broom, my thread, my tape, my spoons, my cat, my thimble, my scissors, my shawl, my shoes; and have been asked for my combs and brushes: and my husband, for his shaving apparatus and his pantalons. But the cream of the joke lies in the manner of the thing—it is so straight-forward and honest: none of your hypocritical civility and servile gratitude! Your true republican, when he finds that you possess anything which would contribute to his convenience, walks in with, 'Are you going to use your horses to-day?' if horses happen to be the thing he needs. 'Yes, I shall probably want them.' 'Oh, well; if you want them—I was thinking to get 'em to go up north a piece.' Or perhaps the desired article comes within the female department. 'Mother wants to get some butter: that 'ere butter you bought of Miss Barton this mornin'.' And away goes your golden store, to be repaid perhaps with some cheesy, greasy stuff, brought in a dirty pail, with, 'Here's your butter!' A girl came in to borrow a 'wash-dish,' 'because we've got company.' Presently she came back: 'Mother says you've forgot to send a towel.' 'The pen and ink and a sheet o' paper and a wafer,' is no unusual request; and when the pen is returned, you are generally informed that you sent 'an awful bad pen.'

But neighbourhood has its pleasures too, in Michigan, and they have tempted Mrs. Clavers into sundry little histories, with which, however, we shall not concern ourselves, preferring to stick by the realities.

There is an account of a trial, which, by its quiet village humour, will amuse the reader, but we must be content with "the gathering" and the Court House:—

"The court was to be held at the Squire's, and as Mrs. Jenkins was a particular friend of mine, I went early, intending to make her a call before the awful hour should approach, and hoping that in the interval I might be able to learn something of the case in which I was expected to play the important part of witness. But good Mrs. Jenkins, who was in her Sunday gown and looked very solemn, considered herself bound to maintain an official mysteriousness of deportment, and she therefore declined entering upon the subject which was so soon to come under the cognizance of 'the good people of this state.' All she would be persuaded to say was, that it was a slander suit, and that she believed 'women-folks' were at the bottom of it. But ere long the more prominent characters of the drama began to drop in. Mrs. Flyter and her 'old man,' and two babies were among the first, and the lady looked so prodigiously sulky, that I knew she was concerned in the fray at least. Then entered Squire Jenkins himself, clean shaved for once, and arrayed in his meetin' coat. He asked his wife where the pen and ink was, and said he would want some paper to write down the 'dispositions.' And the next comer was the plaintiff, the Schneider of our village, no Robin Starveling he, but a magnificent Hector-looking fellow, tall enough to have commanded Frederick of Prussia's crack regiment; and so elegantly made, that one finds it hard to believe his legs have ever been crossed on a shop-board. * * The world now began to flock in. The chairs were soon filled, and then the outer edges of the two beds. Three young pickles occupied the summit of the bureau, to the imminent jeopardy of the mirrored clock which shone above it. Boards were laid to eke out the chairs, and the room was packed so that not a chink remained."

Here we must stop; but we recommend the

book to all who have any appetite for what is humorous and graphic in the light literature of America.

Era Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir John Hanmer, Bart. Moxon.

THE poem from which this volume takes its name is a translation of the well-known tale of 'Friar Onion,' in the Decameron. Whether some of the quaint humour of the original may not have been lost in the process of distillation is a question which we shall leave others to decide—that it has gained some descriptive beauties will perhaps be evident from the following:—

'Twas the soft season when the sycamore
Bursts in full foliage, and its pensile flower
Doth all the bees with its sweet breath invite,
And fairy bells, so tremulous and light,
Till twilight ushers in the summer night:
And toil reposed, and stars were rising o'er
The inn's long gallery and its open door—
And horseman, pacing through the archway near,
Who back to Florence turned from country cheer:
Far swelled the horn along the mountain side,
The goats came bounding to their gentle guide,
The peasant girl, with distaff in her hand,
And her young sisters rolling in the sand;
And faintly rose the evening wind along
The brushwood paths, and murmured with her song;
And some stood watching for the loaded wain,
Some marked the light moon glittering on the vane,
And boys drove in, with many a stick and stone,
The long-necked turkeys running gobbling on;
When, musing o'er with philosophic mind
How like the world his mule, (for she was blind,
And what he would still unrepining bore,)
Through the old gate Cipolla came once more.
Oh! some can look upon a heap of clay,
And bid their thought the inspired hand obey,
And call great Vulcan forth, as when he stood,
Resting from toil, in deep considering mood,
And mused on heavenly strife and giant wars—
And at his feet the helm he made for Mars;
And some from resined bow and cutgut string,
The deepest, sweetest sounds of music bring;
But he who wisely scans a crowd, may see
Low matter for a loftier mastery.

The story of 'The Friar and the Ass,' likewise founded on an old Italian novel, is told in the same free and unstudied kind of versification, which only needs a little of the "limax labor" and an avoidance of too often recurring triplets, to be musical: as it is, the guidance of a correct ear is sufficiently evident. 'The Strategy of Death,'—how three travellers went to find Death, and how they found him (which will be easily recognized as the Pardoner's Tale in the 'Canterbury Pilgrims'), offers many passages suitable to quotation; but we prefer giving a specimen of the author's manner, in which he is not obliged to share the merit with any previous claimant:—

To the River Dec.

By the Elbe and through the Rheinland, I've wandered far
And wide,
And by the Save with silver tones, proud Danube's queenly
bride;
By Arno's vales, and Tiber's shore, but never did I see
A river I would match with thine, old Druid haunted Dee!
I've stood where Sorga gushes forth Valchiusa's marble
cave
As bright as when to deathless verse its name Petrarca
gave
In fair Verona's palaces—the towers of Avignon,
But Adige was not like to thee, nor blue and sunny Rhone.
I've heard great Danube roaring far, and sailed upon his
breast,
And seen beneath his sea-like wave the sun sink down to
rest;
And by the Po, which Virgil loved—and by his Mantuan
stream
And Isler hailed of poets now, bright with Art's favourite
beam.

But though beside thy waters wild no Munich e'er will rise
Far sweeter is their liquid voice, and it hath dearer ties,
And liv'st thou not in song, my Dec, when of Milton thou
canst claim.

A portion of the awful love, and the everlasting name.

By the Moorish towers of Andernach, beneath a walnut's
shade,
Thus speed my faithful thoughts to thee, though a little
Rheinish maid
Has twined a wreath of water-flowers, round a flask of
Wurtzberg wine
And bad me give of streams the palm to their old Fader
Rhein.

The minor poems are for the most part founded on classic or historical recollections, blending

with some real locality, which might have been their scene. We shall select a specimen:—

Diana.

Where thy fane, time-riven,
Crowns the marble hill,
And sailing up the heaven,
Thy crescent decks it still;
Though the Asian timbrel,
And the bounding foot,
And song, and Lesbian cymbal,
That hailed thee once, be mute;
A stranger of old days dreaming,
Alone at midnight hour,
When mystic stars are gleaming,
Diana hails thy power
What though the mighty mother
Of all the gods denied
To thee the gift of heaven
Had, and in virgin pride
Bade thee spurn the myrtle,
Chaste, and cold, and true,
(Oh, in his nest the turtle
Wreaths cypress branches too).
Yet the shining river,
And the waving tree,
Fresh and fair for ever,
Oh, gave she not to thee?
Still amid the wild wood
Let thy horn rebound,
As in dreaming childhood
I've heard its silver sound,
Stealing far and faintly,
O'er awakened wold and wave,
While echo answered faintly,
From out her star-lit cave.

Though this little volume must be considered as one rather of promise than fulfilment, we rise from the perusal, convinced that the author lacks neither a perception of beauty nor the power of describing it.

Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley.

[Second Notice.]

WE stated, in our former notice, that this publication was welcome, notwithstanding its loose and fragmentary character, because it completed the whole of the evidence which the author's untimely fate had left at the disposal of posterity, for tracing the tendencies and appreciating the errors of a very noble and extraordinary mind;—because it is fit that, since an early and unprepared death left most of the intellectual problems of that mind unworked out, we should, at least, have before us all the formulae of its expression, to enable us fairly to judge of the direction and results towards which its experiments were proceeding. It was for this reason that we objected to Mrs. Shelley placing herself between the poet and the public as an unfaithful interpreter. We desire to have before us the entire of the documents, with all their errors and miscalculations, which represent any of the conditions or resources of his mind; and, satisfied that we discover everywhere that earnest and passionate love of truth, which was the surest guide through the shadows of certain prejudices born of his enthusiastic and sensitive nature—that rectitude of purpose and clearness of perception which would have brought him to right conclusions in the end,—we choose, nevertheless, to judge for ourselves, of the processes by which such consummation was to be reached. We find, however, on looking again at Mrs. Shelley's preface, that we have been mistaken in supposing that the completion of this evidence was the object of the publication before us; and we must avow that we do not see any other very good reason for the publication at all. "This concludes the essays and fragments of Shelley," says the Editor,—by which declaration, we presume it is that we were misled,—having, somehow, overlooked the following scarcely admissible qualification:—"I do not give them as the whole that he left, but as the most interesting portion. A treatise on Political Reform, and other fragments, remain to be published when his works assume a complete shape." Now, unable ourselves to understand what may be the motives for this continued coquetting with the

public, we feel bound to declare, that since we can still only have a portion of Shelley, we do not think that the intrinsic merits of the present selection demanded their separate publication. As contributions to the entire picture of his mind, we would have every random line that his pencil has left—but it is only as such contributions that some of these fragments can be said to have much value. In all, no doubt, there are the scattered germs of thought. On each page, we have the fine Midas touch of Shelley, which left gold in its passage everywhere; but the metal is unwrought into any perfect forms of intellectual beauty—unstamped with any distinct image, to give it currency as the circulating medium of mind. All, therefore, that we can do is to give our readers specimens of the fineness of the ore which the high and spiritual artist, had he lived, might have moulded into beautiful or glorious shapes,—and to avoid, in so doing, certain ingots which have already been exhibited to the public,—some of them in the pages of this journal.

"The first piece in these volumes, 'A Defence of Poetry,'" says Mrs. Shelley, "is the only entirely finished prose work Shelley left;—and here, again, she is at issue with her husband, who distinctly states that it is unfinished. The essay, according to him, was intended to consist of two parts—the first of which only has been written. His own statement of his intentions in the second part we will quote, as at once authorizing our assertion, and letting our readers into Shelley's view of the poetical prospects of his own day, and his opinion of the masters of the lyre who were his contemporaries:—

"The second part will have for its object an application of these principles to the present state of the cultivation of poetry, and a defence of the attempt to idealize the modern forms of manners and opinions, and compel them into a subordination to the imaginative and creative faculty. For, the literature of England, an energetic development of which has ever preceded or accompanied a great and free development of the national will, has arisen as is were from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among such philosophers and poets as surpass beyond comparison any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unflinching herald, companion and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods, there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides, may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve, the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations; for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."

With regard to the first part, (which we have here entire) and which treats of the principles and elements of poetry, it is less complete and comprehensive than it would probably have become had it passed through the author's own hands, with a view to publication,—and more

obscure in parts than even the admitted delicacy and difficulty of the subject necessitated. It is pervaded by that sort of transcendentalism which was a tendency of Shelley's mind, bearing him often out of sight of common understandings—wrapping him in an excess of light which obscured him to men less eagle-eyed, but whence they could hear his sweet singing, like the lark's, from his pavilion of the sunshine, though unable to trace his flight—and which assumed its noblest and most majestic and Miltonic forms in the sublime page of his 'Prometheus.' The following passage will give a favourable and intelligible specimen at once of his manner and his views. After speaking of poetry, in the dramatic forms, he proceeds as follows:—

"Civil war, the spoils of Asia, and the fatal predominance first of the Macedonian, and then of the Roman arms, were so many symbols of the extinction or suspension of the creative faculty in Greece. The bucolic writers, who found patronage under the lettered tyrants of Sicily and Egypt, were the latest representatives of its most glorious reign. Their poetry is intensely melodious; like the odour of the tuberoses, it overcomes and sickens the spirit with excess of sweetness; whilst the poetry of the preceding age was as a meadow-gale of June, which mingles the fragrance of all the flowers of the field, and adds a quickening and harmonising spirit of its own which endows the sense with a power of sustaining its extreme delight. The bucolic and erotic delicacy in written poetry is correlative with that softness in statuary, music, and the kindred arts, and even in manners and institution, which distinguished the epoch to which I now refer. Nor is it the poetical faculty itself, or any misapplication of it, to which this want of harmony is to be imputed. An equal sensibility to the influence of the senses and the affections is to be found in the writings of Homer and Sophocles: the former, especially, has clothed sensual and pathetic images with irresistible attractions. The superiority in these to succeeding writers consists in the presence of those thoughts which belong to the inner faculties of our nature, not in the absence of those which are connected with the external: their incomparable perfection consists in a harmony of the union of all. It is not what the erotic poets have, but what they have not, in which their imperfection consists. It is not inasmuch as they were poets, but inasmuch as they were not poets, that they can be considered with any plausibility as connected with the corruption of their age. Had that corruption availed so as to extinguish in them the sensibility to pleasure, passion, and natural scenery, which is imputed to them as an imperfection, the last triumph of evil would have been achieved. For the end of social corruption is to destroy all sensibility to pleasure; and therefore, it is corruption. It begins at the imagination and the intellect as at the core, distributes itself thence as a paralyzing venom, through the affections into the very appetites, until all become a torpid mass in which hardly sense survives. At the approach of such a period, poetry ever addresses itself to those faculties which are the last to be destroyed, and its voice is heard, like the footsteps of Astræa, departing from the world. Poetry ever communicates all the pleasure which men are capable of receiving: it is ever still the light of life; the source of whatever of beautiful or generous or true can have place in an evil time. It will readily be confessed that those among the luxurious citizens of Syracuse and Alexandria, who were delighted with the poems of Theocritus, were less cold, cruel, and sensual than the remnant of their tribe. But corruption must utterly have destroyed the fabric of human society before poetry can ever cease. The sacred links of that chain have never been entirely disjoined, which descending through the minds of many men is attached to those great minds, whence as from a magnet the invisible effluence is sent forth, which at once connects, animates, and sustains the life of all. It is the faculty which contains within itself the seeds at once of its own and of social renovation. And let us not circumscribe the effects of the bucolic and erotic poetry within the limits of the sensibility of those to whom it was addressed. They may have

perceived the beauty of those immortal compositions, simply as fragments and isolated portions: those who are more finely organised, or born in a happier age, may recognise them as episodes to that great poem, which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world. The same revolutions within a narrower sphere had place in ancient Rome; but the actions and forms of its social life never seem to have been perfectly saturated with the poetical element. The Romans appear to have considered the Greeks as the selectest treasures of the selectest forms of manners and of nature, and to have abstained from creating in measured language, sculpture, music, or architecture, anything which might bear a particular relation to their own condition, whilst it should bear a general one to the universal constitution of the world. But we judge from partial evidence, and we judge perhaps partially. Ennius, Varro, Pacuvius, and Accius, all great poets, have been lost. Lucretius is in the highest, and Virgil in a very high sense, a creator. The chosen delicacy of expressions of the latter, are as a mist of light which conceal from us the intense and exceeding truth of his conceptions of nature. Livy is instinct with poetry. Yet Horace, Catullus, Ovid, and generally the other great writers of the Virgilian age, saw man and nature in the mirror of Greece. The institutions also, and the religion of Rome, were less poetical than those of Greece, as the shadow is less vivid than the substance. Hence poetry in Rome, seemed to follow, rather than accompany, the perfection of political and domestic society. The true poetry of Rome lived in its institutions; for whatever of beautiful, true and majestic they contained, could have sprung only from the faculty which creates the order in which they consist. The life of Camillus, the death of Regulus, the expectation of the senators, in their godlike state of the victorious Gauls, the refusal of the republic to make peace with Hannibal, after the battle of Cannæ, were not the consequences of a refined calculation of the probable personal advantage to result from such a rhythm and order in the shows of life, to those who were at once the poets and the actors of these immortal dramas. The imagination beholding the beauty of this order, created it out of itself according to its own idea; the consequence was empire, and the reward everlasting fame. These things are not the less poetry, *quia carent vate sacro*. They are the episodes of that cyclic poem written by Time upon the memories of men. The Past, like an inspired rhapsodist, fills the theatre of everlasting generations with their harmony."

Mrs. Shelley's assertion, that we see in this paper "the reverence with which he regarded his art," is finely illustrated in the following passage:—

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression: so that even in the desire and the regret they leave, they cannot but be a pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is as if it were the interpretation of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organization, but they can colour all they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or a passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and re-animate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is but and most beautiful in the world; it arrests

the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man. Poetry turns all things to loveliness; it exalts the beauty of that which is most beautiful, and it adds beauty to that which is most deformed; it mingles exultation and horror, grief and pleasure, eternity and change; it subdues to union, under its light yoke, all irreconcilable things. It transmutes all that it touches, and every form moving within the radiance of its presence is changed by wondrous sympathy to an incarnation of the spirit which it breathes: its secret alchemy turns to potable gold the poisonous waters which flow from death through life; it strips the veil of familiarity from the world, and lays bare the naked and sleeping beauty which is the spirit of its forms. All things exist as they are perceived,—at least in relation to the perceiver. 'The mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.' But poetry defeats the curse which binds us to be subjected to the accident of surrounding impressions. And whether it spreads its own figured curtain, or withdraws life's dark veil from before the scene of things, it equally creates for us a being within our being. It makes us the inhabitant of a world to which the familiar world is a chaos. It reproduces the common universe of which we are portions and percipients, and it purges from our inward sight the film of familiarity which obscures from us the wonder of our being. It compels us to feel that which we perceive, and to imagine that which we know. It creates anew the universe after it has been annihilated in our minds by the recurrence of impressions blunted by reiteration. It justifies the bold and true word of Tasso, *Non merita nome di creatore se non Iddio ed il Poeta.*"

An unfinished 'Essay on the Literature of the Athenians,' and a preface in honour of their philosopher, introduce us to a translation of 'The Banquet of Plato,' which, like all Shelley's translations, conveys vividly the spirit of his original. "Shelley," says his Editor, with great justice, "commands language splendid and melodious as Plato, and renders faithfully the elegance and the gaiety which make the Symposium as amusing as it is sublime. The whole mechanism of the drama, for such in some sort it is, the enthusiasm of Apollodorus, the sententiousness of Eryximachus, the wit of Aristophanes, the rapt and golden eloquence of Agathon, the subtle dialectics and grandeur of aim of Sophocles, the drunken outbreak of Alcibiades—are given with grace and animation."

"Plato," says Shelley, "exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic, with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods, into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than a man. Lord Bacon is perhaps the only writer who, in these particulars, can be compared with him: his imitator, Cicero, sinks in the comparison into an ape mocking the gestures of a man. His views into the nature of mind and existence are often obscure only because they are profound: and though his theories respecting the government of the world, and the elementary laws of moral action, are not always correct, yet there is scarcely any of his treatises which does not, however stained by puerile sophisms, contain the most remarkable intuitions into all that can be the subject of the human mind. His excellence consists especially in intuition; and it is this faculty which raises him far above Aristotle, whose genius, though vivid and various, is obscure in comparison with that of Plato." The dialogue entitled the 'The Banquet' is called 'Ερωτικός,' or a Discussion upon Love; and, besides the curious insight which it affords into

the manners of the most refined amongst the Athenians, gives the views of the various interlocutors, according to the disposition and genius of each, on the nature of that passion—exhausting, in the extent of its marvellous pages, all the phases of the mighty subject. Those of our readers who know little of Plato, we would gladly have amused with some of the fine subtleties and mazy sophisms put into the mouth of Socrates; but we are tempted by the rich and glowing eulogium of Agathon, the poet of the party,—portions of which we must extract:—

"He is then the youngest and the most delicate of all divinities; and, in addition to this, he is, as it were, the most moist and liquid. For if he were otherwise, he could not, as he does, fold himself around everything, and secretly flow out and into every soul. His loveliness, that which Love possesses far beyond all other things, is a manifestation of the liquid and flowing symmetry of his form; for between deformity and Love there is eternal contrast and repugnance. His life is spent among flowers, and this accounts for the immortal fairness of his skin; for the winged Love rests not in his flight on any form, or within any soul the flower of whose loveliness is faded, but there remains most willingly where is the odour and radiance of blossoms yet unwithered. Concerning the beauty of the God, let this be sufficient, though many things must remain unsaid."

* * The justice and temperance and valour of the God have been thus declared:—there remains to exhibit his wisdom. And first, that, like Eryximachus, I may honour my own profession, the God is a wise poet; so wise, that he can even make a poet one who was not before; for every one, even if before he were ever so undisciplined, becomes a poet as soon as he is touched by Love:—a sufficient proof that Love is a great poet, and well skilled in that science according to the discipline of music. For what any one possesses not, or knows not, that can he neither give nor teach another. And who will deny that the divine poetry, by which all living things are produced upon the earth, is harmonized by the wisdom of Love? Is it not evident that Love was the author of all the arts of life with which we are acquainted, and that he whose teacher has been Love, becomes eminent and illustrious, whilst he who knows not Love, remains for ever unregarded and obscure? Apollo invented medicine, and divination, and archery, under the guidance of desire and Love; so that Apollo was the disciple of Love. Through him the Muses discovered the arts of literature, and Vulcan that of moulding brass, and Minerva the loom, and Jupiter the mystery of the dominion which he now exercises over gods and men. So were the Gods taught and disciplined by the love of that which is beautiful; for there is no love towards deformity. —At the origin of things, as I have before said, many fearful deeds are reported to have been done among the Gods, on account of the dominion of Necessity. But so soon as this deity sprang forth from the desire which for ever tends in the universe towards that which is lovely, then all blessings descended upon all living things, human and divine. Love seems to me, O Phædrus, a divinity the most beautiful and the best of all, and the author to all others of the excellencies with which his own nature is endowed. Nor can I restrain the poetic enthusiasm which takes possession of my discourse, and bids me declare that Love is the divinity who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of storms, repose and sleep in sadness. Love divests us of all alienation from each other, and fills our vacant hearts with overflowing sympathy; he gathers us together in such social meetings as we now delight to celebrate, our guardian and our guide in dances, and sacrifices, and feasts. Yes, Love, who showers benignity upon the world, and before whose presence all harsh passions flee and perish; the author of all soft affections; the destroyer of all ungentle thoughts; merciful, mild; the object of the admiration of the wise, and the delight of gods; possessed by the fortunate, and desired by the unhappy, therefore unhappy because they possess him not; the father of grace, and delicacy, and gentleness, and delight, and persuasion, and desire; the cherisher of all that is good, the abolisher of all evil; our most excellent pilot, defence, saviour, and

guardian in labour and in fear, in desire and in reason; the ornament and governor of all things human and divine; the best, the loveliest; in whose footsteps every one ought to follow, celebrating him excellently in song, and bearing each his part in that divinest harmony which Love sings to all things which live and are, soothing the troubled minds of Gods and men."

These various opinions of Plato's interlocutors on the subject of Love, are followed by Shelley's own definition,—which is already familiar to all our readers.

The fragment, with the title of 'The Coliseum,' describing (in a dialogue between an old blind man and his daughter) that most majestic of monuments,—in the state of desolation which has surrendered it to the domain of Nature and the communion of the elements,—in language of marvellous beauty and significance, appeared, in 1832, with other papers by Shelley, in this journal. 'The Assassins,' a fragment of a romance, whose undeveloped design the editor professes herself unable to penetrate, seems to have been intended as an apology for the terrific atrocities of that dreadful brotherhood, upon some fanciful scheme of abstract judicial morality, some transcendental notion of universal good to be attained by the particular operations of the avenger, of which it is probable that Shelley saw all the revolting impossibilities, as he proceeded. It is not likely that he would ever have completed such a plan. Yet even upon this page, the spirit of beauty which had its dwelling in Shelley's heart, and fell from him, like an exhalation, upon all that he touched, has left the odour of its wings and the impress of its foot.

These, with some further translations from Plato, and some moral and metaphysical speculations (detached and fragmentary, also), which we cannot touch, compose the volume. Had we room, we might quote some remarks on 'The Punishment of Death,'—which present that very important subject to the mind in aspects striking and unfamiliar; but the cause of reason and humanity is already all but triumphant on that particular ground; and they who still seek further arguments to confirm their convictions, may turn to the entire paper with advantage.

A word, in conclusion, on the Editor's share in these publications of the works of Shelley; and our readers will have perceived, in the course of our remarks, that it does not quite satisfy us. Mrs. Shelley has both the faults and advantages of the near relationship in which she stood to her author. She has that great quality of an editor, "a zeal—but not according to knowledge." She was too close to the unfinished edifice of her husband's mind, to judge accurately of its proportions,—too interested an observer of its progress in parts, to estimate their due relations. We repeat, that the mere sweepings of a note-book, though properly added to a complete collection of an author's works,—as occasionally furnishing new and incidental lights, or always enriching, even where they do not qualify, the evidence,—are not, in themselves, of sufficient value to the public to appeal to it in the form of a substantive and independent publication. These letters and fragments, loose and unconnected as they are, (and completed by the addition of whatever is yet kept back,) might, as we have suggested, be well woven in with an edition of the Poems, which should have the accompaniment of a biography and connecting commentary, so as to form a perfect whole, and bring the entire case before us. Such an edition of Shelley is yet wanting; and, with all her ability and all her passionate love for her subject, Mrs. Shelley has shown, in these volumes, that she is not, in all respects, the best person to furnish it. The fond and honourable pride which she takes, and would be less than woman if she did not take, in the

fame and character of one so noble and gentle and spiritual as Shelley, would, nevertheless, have better illustrated itself by reproducing him in his integrity, through the medium of his unmutated writings, than by any attempt to garble the evidence, or distort, by a translation of her own, the characters of his mind; and she has no right, in deference to the feelings of any individual, or the opinions of her time, to suggest incongruous meanings, or assign any arbitrary issues to the tangled and flower-enwoven paths through which his powerful mind was working its way into the calm and unclouded regions of truth. As a critic, too, that same unmeasured and indiscriminating love is against her,—which is her glory as a wife.

ANTHOLOGY FOR 1839.

The old year is on his deathbed, and our garland, such as it is, waits but the addition of some few last leaflets to be ready for his tomb. In the old time, such funeral chaplets were wont to be composed of the evergreen and the amaranth: but wherefore should we, in the lack of such immortal blooms and branches, refrain from hanging up our perishable offerings in honour of the dead? Already half withered and colourless as they seem, are they not therefore more fitting types of the vanished and the unreturning? In truth, as we look upon our intended memorial, now so nearly completed, we cannot help confessing, that a sorer tribute, as far as material is concerned, could scarcely have been selected. Here and there a specimen is discoverable, with some slight pretension to vitality, but for the rest, the "old cakes of roses," which formed the staple stock, fragrant even in death, of lean apothecaries, would scarce have admitted their claims to companionship—much less to consanguinity. But to proceed with our melancholy task. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, who we greatly wish would "wear her rue with a difference," furnishes us with a very appropriate sprig of hemlock in the following sonnet, from her last publication—a book of Sonnets:—

Inez to Mann.

My Thoughts, like venom'd snakes, lie curled and coiled
About my brain, and act the hideous parts
Of scorpion-sucklers,—which fiercely gnaws
That brain pierced through, of each dear dream despoiled—
With fire and flames encircled and entangled—
Alas! in their own burning heads each darts
A death-sting, and in mine own Heart of hearts!
Nor may their power be checked—their aim be foiled—
My soul thus grows the Hades, dark and deep,
Of those stern fiends, that martyr it so much—
That torture too themselves, nor pause, nor sleep!
Oh! there is more torture in their touch—
Madness and Death!—and neither strong to keep
Their hold upon that mind, which sigheth even for such!

Would that we could "mize out these written troubles of the brain," but the "discuss beyond our practice," and we must content ourselves with exhibiting an antidote on the homeopathic principle, extracted from the following:—

Child of my heart!—would I could now behold
Thy face of infant purity and grace;
That opening, winking, brightening, flowering face!
And in a mother's fond embrace enfold!
Though sweetly, smilingly, the hours have rolled
Since I have seen thee—yet the time—the space
Have oft been lengthened—widened on the race
Of hours, by fond regrets—all uncontrolled.
My child!—my children!—oh! to see again
Those infant features, stamped upon my mind.
Whose dear and blessed memory is pain!
Then were I happy—happiest!—but entwined
With grief must recollection still remain,
Till I once more, in joy, my living treasures find.

This is natural and pleasing, and one such outburst of real and unadulterated feeling is worth all the metaphysical miseries and imaginary remoteness from Byron's time to the present.

"Nothings," by E. Darby, Jun., are meant, we presume, to illustrate the old proverb, "ex nihilo nil fit," which, to say truth, with the exception of a yawn or two on our part, has been exactly the product in the present instance. We need go no further than the index to find ample additional reasons to justify the author in his choice of a title. His poems, to mis-use a logical term, are, for the most part, those "of the first intention," having only a theoretical existence and an imaginary purpose. Thus we find among the rest:—

"An Address intended to have been spoken by an Amateur who played (qy. intended to play) *Othello* at the Swansea Theatre on the 24th of August, 1838."

"An Inscription intended to have been inscribed on a Monument erected (qy. intended to be erected) by a Lady, to the Memory of Her Husband, in the Church of —."

Holy Parnassus! what a narrow escape from Immortality!

"*Edgina*," by John B. Worrell, is an historical poem, with a Greek motto and an ungrammatical English preface, pleading extreme youth, as a supposed protection from criticism. That youth and excellence are for the most part incompatible, we need not be told, but why hurry thus prematurely before a tribunal, whose just sentence is not so much to be desired as to be deprecated? In this instance, as in most others of supposed precocity, there is no imaginary age in the whole schoolboy epoch, to which such a volume would be creditable.

"*Miracles in Egypt and Sketches of Socialism*," by George Beddow. The author commences with an apology for having flirted with poetry while pursuing his medical studies; but we at once acquit him of the offence, seeing that poetry has clearly proved an *alibi*. Having thus set Mr. Beddow's conscience at rest, we will do him the further justice to confess that his sense of the ludicrous and grotesque, as extractable from serious subjects, has seldom, if ever, been exceeded. Witness the following version of the first miracle:—

The Prophet with his wand was there, who broke
The wave that passed him as the Monarch spoke,
And on the crowd of scorpions there splashed
The gory spray, grown putrid as it dashed:
The languid crocodile essayed to climb
Almost in vain, the blood besprinkled slime:
The fish forsook the wave, then heaved and died
Heap upon heap along the reedy side:
The green papyrus withered to its root,
The tall acacia cast its poisoned shoot,
Foliage and flower and fruit alike were swept,
And blighted rushes bowed their heads and wept.

Animal music (not magnetism), as it existed in Eden, is happily hit off:—

The air was musical with bees that played
The sacred overture. The feathered tribes
Mingled their voices with the deeper bass
Of harmless lions, till in cadence soft
The deep full chorus died at length away,
And nought beside the host's drowsy hum
Stirred the sweet air of Eden while he slept.

"*Goethe's Faust, Part III., with other Poems*," by L. J. Bernays.—"Schiller's *William Tell*," by W. Peter.—Mr. Bernays is candid enough to own in his preface, that there is "much which is dependent for its beauty solely upon the rich flow of its versification," and yet in almost the next line states, that circumstances have in many instances compelled him to adhere to plain prose. The result is exactly what might have been expected. Both grace and poetry have evaporated in the process of translation, and nothing but a *caput mortuum* remains. Mr. Peter's *Tell* is a pleasing version of a beautiful drama, and will be an acquisition to those who are unable to read it in the original.

"*Hades, and the Progress of Mind*," by W. B. Scott.—The first-mentioned of these poems savours rather too strongly of the incomprehensible school, for us to dilate upon its merits. From the second we take the following, which reminds us a little of Keats:—

And whose white feet so buoyantly
Hold o'er the bending flowers their way?
The Dryad whose continual smile
Leaves not the waking buds meanwhile;
The nymph who from the grotto's stream
Rises like a rainbow's gleam,
The fawn uncouthly shores profound,
His face unto the sky;
His amphora of spicy wine,
And plaited basket by him lie,
Filled with forest nut and pine;
Awakes he as they pass, along
Speeds he to join their dance and song.

"'Tis the human power, whose voice
Makes sister Echo's heart rejoice
With laugh and song's quick changes free,
And sorrow's soft pale melody;
With melting lyre and startling horn,
And thoughtful words of spirit born.
Who shears the dry stems from the vine,
Round whose supports its tendrils twine,
And 'neath its shade who seeks repose
When the holy eve doth close.
Who drives the noxious worm away
From spring or steam, from leaf or spray.

For him we fill the bowl, his home
Shall be our temple-dome:
For him we heap the fruits, his board
Shall be our altar stored."

The wisdom-horned Pan
Heard as over his capacious brow
Meander'd sympathetic glow;
He smiled: the old god, universal Pan
Smiled on the demi-god young man,
As Nature multiform before
His feet her wealth came forth to pour.

"*The Compact, an Historical Play, in Five Acts.—Gisela, a Tragedy, in Five Acts*, by J. J. H.—The first of these dramas is founded upon the same conspiracy, which formed the groundwork of the "*Lords of Ellingham*," lately noticed. It is however, decidedly inferior to its predecessor; and had this not been the case, the fact of its having been avowedly written to serve a political purpose, would have rendered it an unfit subject for merely poetical criticism. The scene of "*Gisela*" is laid on the banks of the Rhine, the necessary quantum of unhappiness, and subsequent catastrophe, being brought about by one of those rash vows which parents in the olden time of feudalism were so fond of making, either to the Virgin, or some Saint who happened to be within hearing at the moment. The party chiefly interested, as a matter of course dissents from the proposed interference with his earthly destinies, and determines to seek for happiness after his own fashion by jumping out of the window. This proceeding naturally leads to the suicide of the penitent father, the despair of the lover, the unhappiness of all left alive, and the fall of the curtain.

"*The Death of Demosthenes, and other Poems*," &c., by G. C. Fox, Esq.—We can scarcely find it in our hearts to quarrel with the contents of this volume, reminding us as they do of our own school exercises, we will not say how many years ago,—but it would be folly to suppose that the world at large can sympathize with them. Translations of the *Prometheus vincit* and *Agamemnon* are included in the volume. With respect to the former, Mr. Fox observes, "It has received the commendation of many eminent scholars, and I may be permitted to repeat the encomium of that distinguished critic, Professor Westermann, of Leipzig, who writing of it, says: *Intellectu ad Æschyli gravitatem atque majestatem proximè autorem accessisse*. Such testimony as this of course removes the work beyond the pale of our criticism: we cannot however help thinking, that the Professor had some sly meaning in alluding to its *gravitas*, as the chief merit of the translation. In plain English, it is about the worst translation of the most frequently-translated Greek Drama.

"*The Christian's Book of Gems*."—A collection of serious poetry, neither better nor worse than fifty other collections which have preceded it.

And so ends our Anthology for 1839.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

The Court Favourite, by Jane Roberts, 3 vols.—It is painful to write about a work which it has been wearisome to read, especially where kindly feelings and sympathies are enlisted against the judgment. But the truth must be told, that "*The Court Favourite*" is a dull book: its plot is feebly knit together, and the attempt to strengthen it, and to make the tale keep the promise of its title, by weaving in allusions to the public events of the last forty years, fails of the effect intended.

Plain Sermons, by a Country Clergyman.—We are glad to see in various quarters a growing conviction that something more than has yet been done is required to render our ecclesiastical system adequate to the wants of the people. The reverend author of these volumes complains that young clergymen, fresh from the university, are too apt "to shoot over the heads of their congregations;" and as the sermon is the chief, we might almost say the only, means of religious instruction available to many of their flock, they thus fail to discharge the duties of their office. He recommends by precept and example the adoption of a plainer style of composition; others have suggested the employment of catechists, as is usual in missionary stations; and some propose the institution of a sub-diaconate, for the purpose of training candidates for holy orders in the administration of the ordinances, and domiciliary instruction. To all or any of these systems, the sermons before us will be useful adjuncts; they are written in a plain and

simple style, which renders them intelligible to every capacity.

A Letter to A. Panizzi, Esq., by Thomas Watts. —It has hitherto been generally assumed that the first newspaper, *The English Mercurie*, was published in England in 1588, at the time of the Spanish Armada, and that copies of it are preserved in the British Museum. The purport of this letter is to prove that these newspapers are forgeries—when or why forged is not shown—but we must confess that the evidence appears to be very strong, if not conclusive.

Man, as a Moral and Accountable Being, by Robert Mudie.—*Man, in his Relation to Society*, by Robert Mudie.—In the preface to the former of these works Mr. Mudie lays down, as a principle, that there are two laws to which man is responsible, laws, not only distinct, but in direct opposition—these are “the law which has been given to man as a member of the creation, and in which the parties are, God the creator on the one hand, and Man the creature on the other; and the social law, or law between man and man, in any state of society in which human beings do or can exist, and which is adapted to the particular society of which it is the law, and may be wise or foolish, kind or cruel, according to the disposition and abilities of those who may happen to be the lawgivers.”—On this distinction these works have been written, and it explains their nature and character. Mr. Mudie, as we have often observed, writes with ease and facility—has abundant resources at command for illustrating his subject—and is, therefore, at all times a pleasant gossip; but these “high arguments” require to be treated of with more vigorous condensation, both of thought and style, than is usual with him; and the best we can say of the works before us is, that they are not without the usual and better characteristics of the writer.

British History Chronologically arranged, by John Wade.—A chronological history is useful as a work of reference, and Mr. Wade's may serve for want of a better, though it is absurdly disproportioned, the Brunswick dynasty alone occupying five sevenths of the whole—five sevenths of a History of England which begins with the invasion of Julius Cæsar!—It is very true that it was subsequent to the accession of George the First that the *Gentleman's Magazine*, *The Annual Register*, *The Parliamentary Debates*, and such works, were published, but the fulness of the record does not affect the character of the events, and the very facilities for reference should have suggested to the compiler the necessity for a scrupulous and rigid selection and abridgment. Mr. Wade claims for himself the merit of having consulted the best authorities, carefully weighed their respective statements, and thence deduced a correct and faithful transcript—further he observes—“however imperfectly my task may have been executed, I can at least lay claim to the merit of having first attempted on a uniform plan and principle, down to our own time, to bring together in something like order the varied materials and incidents of British history.” What is here meant we are at a loss to conjecture. Chronological histories of England have been published at intervals, and brought down to the time of publication by succeeding editors for more than a century. Mr. Wade, indeed, acknowledges his obligations to “a chronological work published in 1775,” and this we believe to be one of the series to which we allude. Of this, however, we are certain, that so little claim has Mr. Wade “to the merit” he here assumes, that not only is his work modelled on former chronological histories, but that the history of years, and almost of whole reigns has descended to him verbatim, and, in some instances, errors and all, from “*The Chronological Historian*” by Salmon, a second edition of which was published in 1733, more than a hundred years ago.

Lunar Observations.—The very hackneyed plan of making a voyage to the moon a vehicle for political satire, is followed in this volume, but with what success others must determine. The book has one great fault, it is unreadable—whether it has any more, we are consequently unable to tell.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, by Golding Bird, M.D., F.L.S., &c.—This work marks an advance which has been long wanting in our system of medical instruction. A scientific knowledge of chemistry, or even physiology, could scarcely be obtained without some

knowledge of Physics. A beneficial change has however been wrought; lectures on Physical Science are given in most of the medical schools, and some knowledge of its principles is required from every candidate for a diploma. Under these circumstances, Dr. Bird has published the present work as a textbook for those who are attending lectures and a guide to the solitary student. He has succeeded in producing an elementary work of great merit, which may be profitably used, not only by the medical, but by the general students; it has no pretensions to completeness, but it is, in military phrase “a good basis for operations;” the student has positions on which he can fall back when difficulties arise, and sufficient indications of the road he must pursue should he deem it advisable to advance.

Elements of Algebra, by the Rev. P. Kelland.—Mr. Kelland differs from the Dean of Ely (Mr. Peacock), in regarding Algebra as an independent inductive science; he thinks that it ought to be primarily based on Arithmetic, and he denies that inductive Logic will explain all the principles used in algebraical operations. Were Arithmetic not commonly taught as a mere mechanical process, a conjuring with figures according to unexplained or unintelligible rules, it might be with great advantage made the basis of Algebra; but under present circumstances we fear that it is dangerous to keep the logic of algebraical science too long out of sight. Were a student prepared by such a book as Walker's *Philosophy of Arithmetic*, he would bring a trained mind to algebraic study; but now, in the great majority of instances, he goes through the processes like a calculating machine, without bestowing a thought upon their reason. Mr. Kelland's arrangement is good, and in many places he has beneficially abbreviated and simplified the more difficult processes of analysis.

Exercises in Latin Prose Composition, by the Rev. B. W. Beaton.—The examples are well selected, and the directions given in the notes judicious and comprehensive. The theses at the end of the book are however examples of what should be avoided rather than imitated, for they are modelled on the scholastic pedantry and barbarous latinity of the Middle Ages.

Giles's Greek Lexicon.—This is a worthy companion to Riddle's Latin Dictionary, containing all the information necessary to a student—and what is of equal importance, no more. The author is generally successful in developing the structure and composition of the Greek language; avoiding the quibbling derivations which disfigured the older lexicons, and especially that of Schrevelius, he points out the

genuine radicals so far as they can be discovered with certainty. We could wish that the significations of the words were better arranged: that, for instance, the meaning of *κρυπτός* had been traced from the original sifting of wheat to the intellectual operation of judgment, and *κυκλός* from the cart-wheel to the geometrical figure.

The Excitement for 1840.—The New Excitement for 1840.—The contents, as of old, “moving incidents,” hair-breadth escapes, feats of courage, and traits of generosity, extracted generally from books of travel.

List of New Books.—Up the Rhine, by Thomas Hood, 8vo. cl. 12s.—Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, 1 vol. 8vo. cl. 21s.—The Monk and the Married Man, by Julia R. Waddington, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Diary of the Times of George the Fourth, Vols. 111. and 112. and cheaper edition, post 8vo. 16s.—Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, 2 vols. 8vo. cl. 24s.—Scott's Marmion, illustrated by 21 engravings, 8vo. cl. 16s.—Morocco, 21s.—Bythewood and Jarmar's Conveyancing, Vol. VI. 3rd edit. royal 8vo. 25s.—Hamilton's Observations on Midwifery, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s.—Faber on Justification, 8vo. cl. 2nd edit. 12s.—Diary of a Nun, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Memoirs of Harriet Duchess of St. Albans, 2nd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. cl. 24s.—Mahon's History of England, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 30s.—Lowe's Practical Agriculture, 3rd edit. 8vo. cl. 18s.—Sam Slick's Letter-book of the Great Western, or Life in a Steamer, 1 vol. post 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Encyclopædia Britannica, monthly issue, green cloth, Vol. XX. Part 1. 18s.—Bentham's Works, Part XIII. royal 8vo. cl. 9s.—Black on Breeding, 2nd edit. post 8vo. cl. 12s.—Davy's Works, Vol. IV. 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Todd's (Rev. J. H.) Discourses on the Prophecies relating to Antichrist, 8vo. cl. 14s.—Drew's Essay on the Immortality and Immortality of the Human Soul, 7th edit. 8vo. cl. 6d.—Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. X. 12mo. cl. 9s.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. CXX. “Swainson's Habits and Instinct of Animals,” 7c. cl. 6s.—Book of the United Kingdom, by Uncle John, square 8vo. 7s. 6d.—James's Christian Watchfulness, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s.—Gresley's Portrait of an English Churchman, 4th edit. 12mo. cl. 7s.—Hack's Grecian Stories, 12mo. new edit. 6s.—Lives and Opinions of the Rev. William Milne, by Robert Philip, 1 vol. 8vo. cl. 7s. 6d.—A Legend of Cloth Fair, and other Tales, six illustrations by Phiz, 7c. cl. 8s. 6d.—The Song of Azzazel, and other Poems, by Mrs. Turnbull, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Jones's Fountain of Life, 2nd edit. 7c. cl. 4s. 6d.—Duelling and the Christian Character, by Gabriel Sticking-Plaster, 8vo. cl. 4s.—Guthrie's Cicero on Oratory, new edit. 12mo. 6s.—Hinde's Principles and Practice of Arithmetic, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Moody's Eton Greek Grammar, 12mo. cl. 4s.—Cottage Dialogues, “Saint Matthew,” 12mo. cl. 3s.—Wonders of the Microscope, new edit. square 16mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Horne Park, or the Reverses of Fortune, by Mary Jane Shield, 12mo. cl. 4s.—Moody's Eton Latin Grammar, 2nd edit. 12mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—The Shield of Dissent, &c. with Structures on Dr. Brown's Work on Tribute, 7c. cl. 2s. 6d.—Chartism, by Thomas Carlyle, 1 vol. post 8vo. cl. 5s.—Marriage Ring, by Jeremy Taylor, 2nd edit. 32mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—silk, 2s.—Todd's Student's Guide, 8vo. 4s. cl. 1s. 6d.—Smith's Report of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, 8vo. new ed., 2s. 6d.

Meteorological Observations made at the Apartments of the Royal Society, Somerset House, for 25 successive hours, commencing 6 A.M. of the 21st of December, 1839, and ending 6 A.M. of the following day.
(Greenwich mean time.)

By Mr. J. D. ROBERTS, Assistant Secretary, Royal Society.

Hours of Observation.	Barom. corrected, Flint Glass.	Barom. corrected, Crown Glass.	Atmos. Ther.	Externa. Ther.	Old Standard Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Difference, Wet & Dry Bulb Ther.	Dew Point.	Rain in Inches.	Wind.	REMARKS.
6, A.M.	29.455	29.445	49.6	46.4	29.491	49.8	46	02.2		SE	Cloudy—a few stars visible.
7, ..	29.461	29.453	49.8	46.3	29.501	50.0	45	01.0		SE	Fine—light clouds—ditto.
8, ..	29.487	29.475	49.8	46.6	29.536	50.0	43	01.1		SE	ditto.
9, ..	29.501	29.495	49.9	47.3	29.546	50.0	45	01.5		S	ditto.
10, ..	29.510	29.500	50.2	47.7	29.552	50.3	45	01.3		S	Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind.
11, ..	29.497	29.491	50.4	49.3	29.544	50.6	45	02.0		S	Do, ditto ditto.
12, ..	29.495	29.489	50.4	50.5	29.544	50.8	48	02.8		S	Do, ditto ditto.
1, P.M.	29.499	29.491	50.6	50.8	29.546	51.3	46	02.7		S	Do, ditto ditto.
2, ..	29.477	29.471	50.7	50.8	29.528	51.3	48	02.7		S	Do, ditto ditto.
3, ..	29.478	29.472	50.9	49.9	29.524	51.6	49	02.8		S	Do, ditto ditto.
4, ..	29.472	29.464	50.9	48.9	29.518	51.4	48	01.2		S	Cloudy—light wind.
5, ..	29.444	29.438	51.0	48.4	29.489	51.3	47	01.4		S	Do, ditto.
6, ..	29.420	29.414	51.0	49.7	29.473	51.2	47	01.6		S	Do, ditto.
7, ..	29.695	29.387	51.2	49.7	29.439	51.3	50	01.4		S	Overcast—very light rain.
8, ..	29.371	29.365	51.4	49.6	29.421	51.6	49	01.3		E	Do, ditto.
9, ..	29.338	29.332	51.6	49.3	29.398	51.9	48	01.2		E	Do, high wind.
10, ..	29.331	29.330	52.0	48.7	29.356	52.3	48	00.8		SE	Do, ditto.
11, ..	29.303	29.295	52.3	49.2	29.344	52.6	49	00.9		SE	Do, ditto.
12, ..	29.312	29.305	52.6	49.6	29.364	52.8	49	01.0		SE	Do, ditto.
1, A.M.	29.333	29.327	52.9	49.7	29.386	53.2	50	01.2		W	Do, fine rain ditto.
2, ..	29.367	29.357	53.0	49.3	29.417	53.3	50	01.0		SW	Do, ditto ditto.
3, ..	29.378	29.368	53.2	49.0	29.429	53.6	48	00.9		SW	Do, ditto ditto.
4, ..	29.390	29.382	53.2	49.2	29.445	53.6	49	01.2		SW	Overcast—light wind.
5, ..	29.400	29.394	53.3	48.8	29.457	53.9	48	00.8		SW	Do, ditto.
6, ..	29.426	29.418	53.8	48.8	29.487	54.0	50	00.8	.061	SW	Do, ditto.
	29.421	29.413	51.4	48.9	29.469	51.7	48	01.5	.061		

The observations of the Barometer (Flint and Crown Glass) are severally corrected for temperature, as also for Capillarity.

CHRISTMAS RHYMES.

Winter cold is coming on;
No more culls the cuckoo;
No more doth the music gush
From the silver-throated thrush;
No more now at 'evening pale'
Singeth sad the nightingale;
Nor the blackbird on the lawn;
Nor the lark at dewy dawn.
Time hath wove his songs anew:
No more young and dancing measures;
No more budding flowery pleasures:
All is over,—all forgot;
Save by me, who loved them not.

Winter white is coming on;
And I love his coming.
What, though winds the fields have shorn,—
What though earth is half forlorn,—
Not a berry on the thorn,—
Not an insect humming;
Pleasure never can be dead;
Beauty cannot hide her head!
Look! in what fantastic shower,
The snow flings down her feathered flower,
Or whirls about, in drunken glee,
Kissing its love, the holly tree;
Behold! the Sun himself comes forth,
And sends his beams from South to North,—
To diamonds turns the winter rime,
And lends a glory to the time!
Such days, when old friends meet together,
Are worth a score of mere spring weather.
And hark!—the merry bells awake:
They clamour blithely for our sake!
The clock is sounding from the tower,—
'Four'—'five'—'tis now —'s dinner hour!
Come on,—I see his table spread,—
The sherry,—the claret (rosy red).
The champagne sparkling in the light,—
By Bacchus! we'll be wise to-night!

C. 25th Dec. 1839.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have taken a hint this week from the old ballad, and resolved to be well off with the old year before we are on with the new. This will explain and apologise for sundry deferrings—amongst others, notices of Marryat's second series on America, a new volume of Sydney Smith's collected works, the Memoirs (there are two Richmonds in the field,) of Sir Sidney Smith, Paget's Travels in Hungary, Howitt's Visits to Remarkable Places, and other works, enough to ensure a pleasant opening to the new campaign.

Our scientific readers will be glad to hear that a meeting took place on Friday, the 20th, for the purpose of forming a Society for the Promotion of Microscopical Investigations, the introduction and improvement of the microscope as a scientific instrument, the reading and discussion of papers on new and interesting subjects of microscopical inquiry, the formation of a collection of rare and valuable microscopical objects, and a library of reference. The establishing of such a society has been long under consideration, and in September last, a Provisional Committee was appointed to prepare an outline of a constitution. The meeting was numerously attended: Prof. Owen, who was in the chair, was elected President; N. B. Ward, Esq., Treasurer; and Dr. A. Farre, Secretary. The constitution prepared by the Provisional Committee was unanimously adopted, and, at the close of the meeting, the President announced that more than fifty gentlemen had enrolled their names as members, and that the future meetings would be held at the rooms of the Horticultural Society.

We may here make mention of a work lately published, but which cannot be brought formally under consideration, as it is "sold in aid of the London Benevolent Institution"—this is, *A Panoramic View of Athens*, drawn from nature and on zinc by Mrs. Bracebridge, and accompanied by descriptive Notes. The sketch, which is clear and vigorous, is taken from an eminence between the Pnyx and the western face of the Acropolis, and every spot included in the range has its special history. The notes, though brief, are satisfactory, and together they form a small work of considerable interest.

The French Academy, at its sitting of the 19th,

proceeded to the election of a member in the place of the late M. Michaud. The electors present were thirty-three in number; and the votes were collected seven times, without resulting in the absolute majority requisite to complete an election. Each one of the seven scrutinies returned M. Berryer at the head of the list, and the second place alternated between M. Victor Hugo and M. Casimir Bonjour. The other candidates for whom votes were given, were M. Vatout and M. de Lamennais,—the former, however, at no time having more than two votes, and the name of the latter turning up only once during the several ballots, and that with a single vote. At the close of the seventh scrutiny, the Academy, on the motion of M. Cousin, adjourned the election for three months. The two seats vacant in the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, by the deaths of M. Michaud and M. de Salvette, have been filled up by the election of M. Viet to the chair of the former, and M. Eyries to that of the latter. We learn also by letters from Copenhagen, that the Royal Society of Antiquaries of the North has unanimously elected as its President His Excellency John Sigismund de Mosting, Minister of State, and first member of the council,—distinguished alike by his acquirements, and his zeal for the diffusion of knowledge throughout his country.

The public lectures at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers have commenced, with an introductory lecture on Mechanics as applied to the Arts. The sitting was opened by the Minister of Commerce, with a discourse, in which the objects of these lectures, destined to propagate a knowledge of the useful sciences amongst the operative classes, were ably explained and enforced.

Letters from the East mention that Horace Vernet will spend some months at Constantinople, previous to his return into France, and notice also the presence in that city of M. Gudin, a French marine painter of eminence, on a mission connected with his art. The same letters state, that a hall is fitting up at Pera, for the representation of dramatic pieces, concerts, and festivals of all sorts; and that Mr. D'Abbadie had quitted Alexandria for Jerusalem.

We learn from New York, that a memorial is about to be presented to Congress, in the ensuing session, calling on the government to adopt the project of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama, effecting a junction betwixt the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and that there is every prospect of this great and long agitated scheme being at length realized.

It was announced by us, some time since, that the literary men of France had formed themselves into a body, under the title of *Société des Gens de Lettres*, having for its avowed objects the protection of their works against the depredations of the provincial journals, and the defence of their interests generally. The Society includes some of the most illustrious names in France, and was presided over, at its formation, by M. Villemain; but having no line of demarcation within which its members are called upon to qualify as men of letters, it has been invaded by feuilletonists, and vaudevillists, and calembourists in such numbers, as, it is said, to give to the sans-culottes of literature a decided majority in all questions affecting its conduct over the real masters and intellectual chiefs. It has been observed, that under its present arrangements, "the late M. Lacenaire, who had a pretty knack of his own at turning phrases, might, but for the accident which befell the widow Chardon, have inscribed his name, for a few days at least, side by side with those of Victor Hugo, Villemain, and the Abbé Lamennais." We do not ourselves see any great mischief that can arise from this, but, be that as it may, the Society, abandoning for the moment the secular objects for which it was avowedly instituted, has lately put forth a work containing, under the title of *Babel*, a contribution of papers by many pens, similar to the 'Livre des Cent-et-un,'—but commanding more particular notice, because, in an introduction signed by all the members, it is recognised as the manifesto of the Society in question—"as a testimony of their existence and strength—the fruit of their intellectual association." It is difficult to understand how a collection of detached papers like this, though it may exhibit coalition of intellects, can represent an intellectual association or a com-

munity of mind. We know not how any book, and least of all a book like this, in which every one walks his own separate path, can be made to express the varieties of taste, style, and imagination of which it is composed, in anything like a joint-stock and corporate form. But, looking at the names which figure in its pages, we can conceive it to be a very agreeable miscellany; and, as such, we may, probably, give a further account of it.

Amongst the works recently published in Paris, may be mentioned a rich folio volume, under the direction of Messieurs Champollion-Figeac and A. Champollion, entitled, 'Paléographie des Classiques Latins,' presenting fac-similes of the finest manuscripts in the Royal Library, illustrated by historical and critical notices. Another work of great labour has recently been published by M. Anthoine de Saint Joseph, Judge of the Tribunal de Première Instance, being a Concordance between the civil codes of foreign nations and the Code Napoléon, and bringing at once under the eye the points of agreement and difference between the codes of fifteen European states. While speaking of publication amongst our neighbours, we may also mention a work by M. Lorain, Dean of the Faculté de Droit, at Dijon, on the Ancient Abbey of Cluny, in which the celebrated Abélard found a shelter from the storms of life, and a grave.

EVENING EXHIBITIONS at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, REGENT-STREET, Open at 7 o'clock every Evening, and closes at 10.

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS.
A past 7. A Lecture on Electricity by Mr. G. H. Buchholfer, with the most important experiments connected with that science, including the mode adopted by Mr. Snow Harris, for protecting ships and buildings from lightning.—A past 8. The Diver exhibiting the Voltaic Light under water—the method made use of by Col. Pasley in blowing up the Royal George, followed by the Exhibition of the Diving Bell.—A past 9. The Hydro-Oxygen Microscope.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS.
A past 7. The Diver exhibiting the Voltaic Light under water, with the method of blowing up sunken vessels, followed by the Exhibition of the Diving Bell.—A before 8. A Lecture on Combustion, illustrated by a great variety of beautiful Experiments on Light, by Mr. J. T. Cooper, jun., in which the latest inventions will be displayed.—Admission, 1s. each person.
The MORNING EXHIBITIONS take place as usual.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 18.—The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.

A paper, 'On the Fossil Remains of a Mammal, a Bird, and a Serpent, from the London Clay,' by Mr. Owen, was first read. Until a few months since, the highest organized animal remains known to exist in the London clay, were those of reptiles and fishes; but, during the last summer, there were discovered in the collections of Mr. W. Colchester, of Ipswich, and the Rev. Edward Moore, of Dealings, near Woodbridge, teeth of a quadrumanous animal, of Cheiroptera, plantigrade and digitigrade carnivora, and of a species probably belonging to the marsupial order, all of which were obtained from the London clay of Suffolk.* To this important list, Mr. Owen is now enabled to add the remains of a new and extinct genus of pachydermatous mammals, of a bird, and a serpent. The first of these curious fossil relics was discovered in the cliffs of Studd Hill, near Herne Bay, by Mr. W. Richardson, and consists of a small mutilated cranium, about the size of that of a hare, containing the molar teeth of the upper jaw nearly perfect, and the sockets of the canines. The molars are seven in number on each side, and resemble more nearly those of the Chæropotamus than of any other known genus of existing and extinct mammalia. They present three strongly marked modifications of the grinding surface, increasing in complexity from before backwards. The first and second spurious molars have simple sub-compressed crowns, surmounted by a single median conical cusp, with a small anterior and posterior tubercle at the outer side, and a ridge along the inner side of its base. They are separated by an interspace nearly equal to the antero-posterior diameter of the first molar, which is somewhat less than the second. The third and fourth false molars present a sudden increase of size, and change of form. The plane of the crown is triangular, with the base outwards and the posterior and inner side convex. It supports three principal cusps, two on the outer and one on the inner side; there are also two smaller elevations, with a depres-

* See Mr. Lyell and Mr. Owen's Papers, *Annals Nat. Hist.*, November, 1829.

sion on the summit of each, situated in the middle of the crown; the whole being surrounded with a ridge, which is developed into a small cusp at the anterior and external angle of the tooth. It is these teeth which form the principal difference between the dentition of the present genus and that of the *Cheropotamus*. The true molars are three in number on each side, and closely correspond in structure with those of the *Cheropotamus*. The sockets of the canines, or tusks, indicate that these teeth were relatively as large as in the Peccari. Mr. Owen then describes the other portions of the head, preserved in the specimen; and he says the general form of the skull partakes of a character intermediate between that of the hog and the hyrax, but the large size of the eye must have given to the physiognomy of the living animal a resemblance to that of the Rodentia. Mr. Owen has adopted for this new extinct genus the name of *Hyotherium*, suggested by Mr. Richardson.

The remains of fossil birds, included in the second part of the paper, consist of two specimens, a sternum with other bones, and a sacrum, both obtained from the London clay at Sheppey. The sternum forms part of the collection of fossils made by the celebrated John Hunter. The sacrum is in Mr. Bowerbank's cabinet of Sheppey fossils. The Hunterian specimen includes the sternum nearly entire, the proximal end of the coracoid bones, a dorsal vertebra, the distal end of the left femur, the proximal end of the corresponding tibia, and a few fragments of ribs. In approximating, in the first instance, to which of the three great primary groups of birds, aquatic, terrestrial, or aerial, the fossil can be referred, Mr. Owen shows, that the length of the sternum, and the remains of the primary, intermuscular crest or keel, forbid its being placed among the Struthions or strictly terrestrial birds, but do not decidedly prove, that the fossil must have belonged to a bird of flight, as the Penguins and other Brachyptera have need of great muscular power to work the wing under water. In the present fossil, however, Mr. Owen proves from the lateral extent and convexity of the sternal plate, the presence and course of the secondary intermuscular ridges, the commencement of the keel a little behind the anterior margin of the sternum, that the fossil has no affinity with the brachypterous family. The coracoid bones, or posterior clavicles, he also shows, are less available in this primary approximation, as they relate much more closely to the respiratory actions than to the movements of the wings, and are strongly developed even in the Apteryx. There remained consequently for comparison, the ordinary birds of flight, and of these our native species, which resemble the fossil in size, first claimed Mr. Owen's attention. Though the sternum is not complete, a sufficient portion is preserved to have enabled him to set aside the Gallinaceous, and Grallatorial, and Passerine birds, which have deeply incised sternums, and thus to restrict the field of comparison to such species as have the sternum either entire or with shallow posterior emarginations. In this part of his paper, Mr. Owen enters into a minute investigation of those minor details and modifications, which are necessary to establish his inferences, yet cannot be abridged for our columns; but it may be stated, that after pursuing the comparison from the sea-gulls and other aquatic species upwards, through the Grallatorial and Passerine orders, he at length found the greatest number of correspondencies in the skeletons of the Accipitrine species. The resemblance is not, however, sufficiently close to admit of the fossil being referred to any of the native genera of Raptorial birds; and it is with the vultures that he has found the closest agreement. The fossil, however, indicates a smaller species than is known to exist at the present day, and belongs probably to a distinct sub-genus. The professed ornithologist, Mr. Owen remarks, may receive with reasonable reluctance a determination of the family affinities of an ornithic fossil arrived at, in the absence of the usual characters deduced from the beak and feet; but during the course of a long series of close comparisons he has met with so many more characters, both appreciable and available, in the present problem, that he is emboldened confidently to expect, should more perfect specimens be found, that his present conclusion, with respect to the Sheppey ornitholite, will prove to be correct; and that it belongs to the group of accipitrine scavengers, so abundant in the warmer latitudes of the present world.

Mr. Bowerbank's specimen consists of ten sacral vertebrae ankylosed together, as is usual in birds with a continuous keel-like spinal ridge, and in five of which there is a resemblance to the corresponding part in vultures, in the non development of the inferior transverse processes. This character, however, Mr. Owen states, is not peculiar to the Vulturidae. Though the specimen does not admit of an extended inquiry, yet it presents no characters which affect the determination of the Hunterian ornitholite, but rather supports that conclusion. One of the specimens of the extinct species of serpent, described in this paper, forms likewise part of the collection of fossils left by John Hunter, and consists of about 30 vertebrae; the others, one of which presents a series of 28 vertebrae, are in the cabinet of Mr. Bowerbank. The author considers that all the specimens are referable to the same species; and they were all obtained at Sheppey. The vertebrae belong to the dorsal or costal series, and are equal in size to those of a Boa constrictor 10 feet long. They differ, however, from the vertebrae of both Boa and Python in their superior length as compared with their breadth and height; the ridge continued from the anterior to the posterior oblique processes on each side is less developed; the oblique processes themselves do not extend so far outwards, and the spinous process is narrower in its antero-posterior extent, but longer. In the two first of the above differences the fossil agrees with the Linnæan Coluber, and its sub-genera, but differs from the Crotalus, and in the remaining points it differs from Crotalus, Coluber, Naja, and Trigonoccephalus. The long and comparatively narrow spine, the outward prolongation of the upper angle of the posterior oblique processes, the uniform convexity of the costal protuberance, the uneven or finely wrinkled external surface of the superior arch of the vertebrae, are characters which distinguish these ophidian vertebrae from those of any other genus of the order with which Mr. Owen has been able to compare it, and he therefore proposed to designate the fossil provisionally as *Palæophis tollipiens*. The ribs are hollow, as in all land serpents. From the agreement, in some points, with the Boæ and Pythons, and the absence of all those which might have prevented the living animal from entrapping its prey, and from the length which it may be inferred that the creature attained, Mr. Owen concludes the fossil was not provided with poison-fangs. Serpents of similar dimensions exist in the present day only in tropical regions, and their food consists of cold as well as of warm-blooded animals; he therefore, in conclusion, states, that had there been obtained no evidence of birds and mammals in the London clay, he would have felt persuaded that they must have co-existed with the *Palæophis tollipiens*.

A paper was likewise read 'On the Locality of the *Hyotherium*,' by W. Richardson, Esq.—After alluding to the state, in 1829, of the cliffs extending from Whitstable to Herne Bay, the changes which they have since undergone, and their present condition, Mr. Richardson proceeds to describe more particularly that portion called Studd Hill. In 1829, it, as well as the whole of the coast, consisted of a capping of diluvial matter, underlain by a thick mass of a dark brown incoherent clay, abounding in septaria, selenite, marine organic remains characteristic of the London clay, and pyritous wood. Since that period it has changed not only by extensive undermining of the cliff by the sea, but in its mineral constitution and organic contents. The incoherent brown clay has been removed, and a dark blue stiff clay has been exposed, while the marine remains have gradually become so scarce, that, in the autumn of this year, Mr. Richardson found only a few crinoidal fragments. Terrestrial remains, however, have become so abundant that he has obtained, at different periods, above 500 fossil cones, fruits, and seed-vessels; and, he adds, that they may be procured by bushels: fragments of pyritous wood also occur in so great quantities that barge-loads have been removed for economical purposes. These terrestrial remains exhibit no marks of having been drifted. Neither land nor freshwater shells have been noticed. From the abundance of vegetables, and the knowledge that Nature ever directs her means, as well in number as in fitness, to particular ends, Mr. Richardson inferred that remains either of quadrupeds or birds

would be found in Studd Hill, and, though his search was long unsuccessful, it was rewarded, in September last, by the discovery of the *Hyotherium*.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 7.—Sir George T. Staunton, Bart., M.P., in the chair.—Colonel S. T. Roberts, C.B., was elected into the Society.

The Hon. Secretary read the report of a meeting of the Bombay branch of the Society, including the address of Sir James Carnac on accepting the office of Patron. Mr. E. Solly then read a paper on East Indian opium. After advertizing to the measures lately taken by the Chinese to prevent the future importation of opium into their country, the author stated, that as the continuance of the prohibition would of necessity put an end to the opium trade in that quarter, endeavours would be made to find a market for it in other countries, and that therefore good East Indian opium would probably be brought to England. Not many years ago East Indian opium was always considered, and described, as being the lowest and most inferior in quality of any in the market. Latterly, however, it has been increasing in reputation, and some sorts of East Indian opium are now classed amongst the best. The quality, however, is very various, and some sorts, from containing a very large proportion of impurities, are of comparatively little value; great influence is also exerted on the quality of the opium by the weather; the presence or absence of clouds, the quantity of dew, the time which the juice is kept before it is dried and formed into cakes, and many other causes. Mr. Solly stated that the Indian opium prepared for the Chinese market contains scarcely any earthy impurities or foreign matters; and he suggested that one of the causes why the Chinese preferred Malwa to many other kinds of opium was, that it contained less caoutchouc and gluten, and therefore yielded a very large per-centage of the watery extract which is used by the Chinese smokers, and called smokable extract. He detailed a chemical examination he had lately made of some varieties of Indian opium, particularly that from Malwa, from which it appeared that it might enter into competition with some of the best varieties of opium. Mr. Solly concluded with a sketch of the process adopted in Malwa for the cultivation of the poppy and manufacture of opium.

A paper by Dr. Stevenson, of Bombay, 'On the Ante-Brahminical Worship of the Hindûs,' was next read. This was the third paper of a series on the same subject, two of which have already been printed in the Society's journal. The author said, that in his former papers he had shown his reasons for supposing that the worship of those objects, whom the Brahmîns denominated demons, was anterior to Brahminism; and he now stated that he believed the festival of the *Holi*, and the worship of *Mhasobâ*, to belong to the same class. The festival of the *Holi* is celebrated about the opening of the year; and is attended with the most obscene orgies. Persons, who at other times are patterns of propriety, now use the filthiest language; disgusting pictures and figures are paraded through the streets; dirt is thrown upon everybody that passes; business is at a stand; and all is riot and confusion. For the worship of the goddess a large hole is made in the ground, which is then filled with wood, and covered with cowdung. In this hole a tree is planted, generally a castor-oil tree; grass is heaped round it; offerings of coconuts and other matters are made; prayers are recited; and the whole is then set on fire. An evident connexion existed between this and the May-pole of our ancestors, which was not quite discontinued in some remote parts of England. The mention of this suggested another coincidence between the religious customs of the Mahatras, and those of our predecessors. It was the practice of the former to bind up a quantity of new grain in harvest time, generally rice and *baïry*, to adorn it with leaves and flowers, and to put it up over the doors of their houses. The same was done by the English, with this only difference, that the grain was spread out on the lintels of the doors. The god *Mhasobâ*, who is much laughed at by the Brahmîns, is a natural *linga*: it is any rounded stone of a large size, found in a field. This is painted over with red lead, and it then becomes a god, receiving offerings of coconuts, fowls, or goats,

according to the ability of the worshipper. The writer strongly suspected the whole worship of the *linga* to be Ante-Brahminical. The Lingayets hate, and are hated by the Brahmans; they neglect their rules of purification; have priests of their own, and are called by the Brahmans, "adherents of a false religion." In the worship of the five principal divinities, the person who dressed the image in the form of the *linga* is a *Sudra*, and not a Brahmin. These, and several other circumstances, lead him to suppose this worship Ante-Brahminical; although until the *Linga Purana* has been fully investigated he would not be positive on the point. The paper concluded with the names of several other gods worshipped in the Dekkan not found in the Brahminical theology.

Two extracts from a journal by Capt. Jacob, of the Bombay army, were then read: the first on the process of iron-smelting in the Mahabaleswar Hills; and the other on the alleged rise of a sacred river in the same quarter. The iron-smelting is conducted in the most primitive way imaginable. The ore is dug from pits 20 or 30 feet deep, and is in appearance like a rough gravel. The furnace is a hole in the earth lined with charcoal, and fitted with a clay oven. The bellows are two goat skins, worked alternately by the hand, and terminating in a clay pipe, which forms the nozzle. About three hours are required to smelt 12 seers of ore, producing about $\frac{5}{8}$ seers of a rough, drossy, impure iron, which loses about 2 seers more in being worked up into its destined form. This quantity sells in the bazars for a quarter of a rupee (less than a penny per pound.) Better English iron finds its way to those hills, at the same price or even cheaper. The sacred river is the Bhagitri, which once in twelve years adds its waters to those of the Kristna, Yona, Koyna, Sawitri, and Gawitri, "for the edification of the multitude, and benefit of the Brahmans." Capt. Jacob describes this as a clumsy trick; no one but the priest is admitted into the holy place whence the river is said to issue; but all are allowed to purify themselves with the united waters proceeding from the mouth of the Mahadevas sacred Bull. The Captain, so far from testifying to the increase of the stream, avers that he has never seen it in former years so small as at this time (February 1839). "So easily," he says, "is this simple people led by priestcraft."

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 20.—Dr. Macreight, V.P., F.L.S., in the chair.—Dr. Willshire communicated all that was at present known with respect to the evolution of light from plants, a subject which of late years had attracted some attention on the continent, but which was first observed by the family of Linnaeus in *Tropæolum majus*. The subject was divided into two portions, viz., light evolved from dead and living vegetable structures; and it appeared that wood rotted in the air never shines, it being requisite to be burned in the earth when the sap is contained within it. It was observed that the effect takes place only in the months of July and August, in warm dry weather, never in damp. Several plants were mentioned as evolving light during the putrefactive stage, among others, mushrooms, potatoes, &c. &c.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.—Oxford, Nov. 7.—A paper was read by Mr. Rowell, containing a statement of his theory of the formation of rain, and other meteorological and electrical phenomena. We did not receive from our correspondent, as usual, an abstract of this paper; but from a paragraph in the *Oxford Herald* we learn, that Mr. Rowell's hypothesis is, that, in order to rise in the air, each particle of vapour must be expanded at least 860 times its bulk; that it carries with it its proportion of electricity, according to its expanded surface; that if condensed within the electrical attraction of the earth, the extra quantity of electricity is withdrawn, and the vapour falls and becomes dew; but if it rises out of the electrical attraction of the earth, and is then condensed, the electricity being insulated forms an atmosphere around each particle of vapour, and this surcharge of electricity not only suspends the vapour by its buoyancy, but also repels the neighbouring particles of vapour, and prevents the formation of rain: and on the removal, by any cause, of the electricity inclosing the vaporous particles, the repulsion is removed, and the particles of vapour then attract each other and form rain.

Nov. 19.—Prof. Daubeny explained the new views

with respect to the fecundation and the development of plants, which have been brought forward by Brown, Mirbel, Schleiden, and other botanists of the present day. He remarked, that when Linnaeus had established, to the satisfaction of naturalists, the doctrine of the sexuality of plants, which formed the basis of his artificial system, he left to his successors two branches of inquiry in a manner untouched, viz., 1st, in what precise method do the stamens operate upon the pistils when they cause fecundation to take place; and 2ndly, to what extent can we trace an analogy between the mode of fecundation and development, in the case of flowering plants where sexes exist, and in that of cryptogamous ones, where they are not discoverable. The first of these points has been elucidated by the researches of Brown, of A. Brongniart, of Ehrenberg, and others, who have shown, that each grain of pollen, when it alights upon the stigma, sends forth a kind of tube, caused by the protrusion of its own internal membrane; and that this pollen tube, as it is called, penetrates the stigma, passes down through the interior of the style, and thus comes into immediate contact with the ovary. The second of these points,—as to the analogy subsisting between flowering and cryptogamous plants in these particulars,—has been investigated by Mirbel in France, and more lately by Schleiden in Germany. The former observed new cells originating out of those already existing in the case of the *Marchantia*; whilst the latter appears to have shown that a process, the same in kind, takes place within the pollen tubes emitted from flowering plants at the very time they reach the ovary and impregnate it, as well as in the cells of the plant in the subsequent stages of its growth. According to him, each cell, whether it be in the pollen, or in the plant generated from it, contains a portion of starch, which is capable of being converted into nutritious matter at the time it is required. This conversion having taken place, a dark spot is perceived in the coats of the cell, and from this spot a new cell is seen to be protruded. Accordingly, as this spot is the germ of the cell, it is called by Schleiden the Cytoblast. The new cell, when generated, gives birth in its interior to new cytotubules, which again generate new cells, and thus a series of cells is produced one within another, until the external one is ruptured, and its contents are enabled to escape, and thus to obtain their natural development. The newly-formed cells are of extreme tenacity; but new matter is afterwards deposited within the interstices of that originally formed, until they gradually acquire firmness and consistency. According to this view of the subject, the reproduction and subsequent development of the more perfect plants, would appear to be conducted fundamentally on the same plan as that of cryptogamous ones: in both instances the process commences by the generation of a new cell in the interior of one already existing, each cell maintaining, as it were, an individual existence, and differing only in possessing, in a higher or lower degree a principle of independent vitality. From Schleiden's researches, too, another inference would seem to flow, namely, that the embryo exists in the pollen, and not in the ovary; the office of the latter organ being merely that of furnishing to the young individual a receptacle and nourishment. This position, however, is disputed by Mirbel, who adheres to the old doctrine on this subject.

Dec. 8.—A paper was read 'On a new Property of Light,' by Prof. Powell.—The property of light referred to in this communication was that announced by Sir D. Brewster, in the first instance, at the meetings of the British Association in 1837 and 1838, and subsequently in a paper read before the Royal Society. It consists in what Sir D. Brewster terms a peculiar "polarity" in the primary rays of light, having reference to their sides of greater or less refrangibility. It is found both in the prismatic spectrum and in that formed by interference. It is exhibited by looking at the spectrum half through half over the edge of a thin plate of any transparent substance; the edge being always turned from the violet and towards the red end of the spectrum. The object of the communication was to make some remarks on the nature of this phenomenon and its probable explanation. In reference to the *facts*, the author mentioned some experiments of his own, which militate against this view of "polarity." He also exhibited a small apparatus, by which these and similar experiments

can be shown by the light of a candle. In regard to the *explanation* of the *facts*, the author briefly stated the grounds on which, in his opinion, the theory of undulations can be successfully applied to account for the phenomena, as he had suggested to the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham.

Dr. Buckland then made some remarks, in connexion with two works which he had received from Professor Ehrenberg, of Berlin, one upon a microscopic analysis of a substance called *meteoric paper*, which fell at a village in Courland in 1686, and which has now been discovered to consist of dried conifers and infusoria; the other, upon the microscopic organization of chalk-rocks and chalk-marl (*Kreidefelsen und kreidemergel*). After admitting much which had been brought forward on the subject, Dr. Buckland thought it right to object to the somewhat hasty disposition to extensive generalization upon the present imperfect results of scientific observation regarding these phenomena.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT. (28) Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.
FRI. Botanical Society Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

On Thursday night all the theatres, the Haymarket excepted, produced what is called in the bills "A new Christmas Pantomime," and great was the throng of people, it appears, at all of them, seeking their annual feast of fun according to established custom: great also appears to have been the disappointment—also according to custom—that so little fun should come of so much pains and expense. Clowns are condemned, Harlequins depreciated, Pantaloon despised, and pantomime-purveyors censured, for a fault which belongs to the public themselves. It is a little unreasonable to expect that half-a-dozen theatres will each and all provide an amusement of a peculiar kind, the genius for which has become extinct; and which, in Grimaldi's prime, only sufficed to furnish merriment at two theatres, by an extraordinary effort of clownish ubiquity. People go to the theatre, with their imaginations full charged with the recollections or associations of all that was droll in the days when pantomime was in its glory; and they laugh heartily too, which is what they desire to do; but they come home complaining that things are not managed as they used to be—that there has been no pantomime worth seeing since 'Mother Goose,' no Clown since Grimaldi, no Pantaloon since Barnes, and no Harlequin since Ellar. This may be very true; but the change in them is as great as in the heroes of the motley tribe: if Clown has lost his humour, Pantaloon his decrepitude, and Harlequin his agility, audiences also are become critical and fastidious. Without offering an apology for the inferiority of pantomime, we would merely hint to those who require a peculiar sort of entertainment in perfection, as regularly every Christmas, as their turkey and plum-pudding, that—if the stage-fire do not come up to their expectations—all they have to do is to enjoy the fun provided as heartily as possible.

Time has not allowed us to see more than one of the pantomimes, and that was 'Harlequin and the Merrie Devil of Edmonton: or the Great Bed of Ware,' at COVENT GARDEN. The best part, as usual, is the "introduction;" the grotesque masks are comical, the caricature action droll and clever; and the 'Great Bed of Ware' is productive of a sufficient quantity of merriment. W. H. Payne and C. J. Smith are the life of the fun, but the "Merrie Devil" is a dull demon, and might be dispensed with altogether. The "tricks and changes" are more remarkable for ingenuity than wit; and the Diorama of Messrs. Grieve, of the scenery on the Clyde from Glasgow to Eglintoun, coming after Stanfield, falls short of the desired point of perfection. 'Harlequin Jack Sheppard: or the Blossoms of Tyburn Tree,' at DURY, seems, from the accounts of it, to be deficient in those satirical allusions to the follies of the day which should point the practical jokes of pantomime: in this respect Covent Garden is not deficient. 'Harlequin Mother Red Cap,' at the ADELPHI, is described as being extremely laughable, and its Diorama—for your 'Diorama' is become part and parcel of pantomime—by Telbin, is spoken of as one of the best painted dis-

plays of scenery. A good account is also given of the Surrey pantomime, of which 'Goody Two Shoes' is the heroine.

MISCELLANEA

The Mirage.—We find in the *Spectateur de Dijon* the following statement and remarks.—"The mirage, that magical phenomenon of light, which, according to the natural philosophers, has never hitherto been witnessed but under the burning sky of Egypt, is reproduced on the banks of the Saône in its full magnificence. The valley of that river, in the environs of Auxone, spreads into a vast level plain. The town is built on the border of the stream, on a slight eminence, which when the overflow of the Saône covers the meadows, presents the appearance of a tongue of land stretching out into the midst of the waters. On a warm summer's day, when there is no breath of wind, and the layers of air which rest upon the ground unmoved by currents are motionless, the spectator standing in the midst of the prairie to the northward of Auxone, and looking towards the town, is witness to a magnificent spectacle. In the distance the arid soil has disappeared; a vast extent of water spreads out before him; the town rises as it were out of the midst of a lake, which reflects the houses and trees upon its banks as distinctly as if they were indeed repeated on the surface of a tranquil sheet of water. Yet this phenomenon of the mirage, which has been repeated daily since the earth was lighted by the sun, was never observed or described before the year 1797. Monge was the first person who gave any scientific explanation of it. Forming a part of the expedition to Egypt, he was, for a moment, the dupe of the illusion which deceived the entire army; but it was only for a moment, and he speedily detected the causes of his error. When the ground is intensely heated by the sun, and the weather calm, experience proves that the lower strata of air are dilated by the heat of the earth; and that, commencing from a certain height, they are less dense in proportion as they approach the soil. In that case, it happens, that the rays of light passing from objects placed above the horizon towards the earth, having to traverse layers of air of different densities, are refracted; and that finally, presenting themselves very obliquely to enter into a new stratum, they fail to penetrate it, and are reflected. Then, if a spectator be so placed as to receive, at once, the rays of light which proceed from objects directly to himself, and those which, passing from the same objects towards the ground, are reflected, that spectator will see both the objects themselves, and their images reversed beneath them. Now if the same spectator be placed in the midst of a plain so level and extensive that those rays, projected from that portion of the sky which touches the horizon in the direction of the ground, present themselves to the expanded strata of air in a direction so oblique to their surface that those rays are reflected, then the spectator in question will see on the earth the image of the sky; and this image it is which has to his eyes the perfect aspect of a sheet of limpid water."

Tunnel through the Alps.—M. Vanino Volta, the engineer of Como, who, in conjunction with M. Bruchetti, of Milan, obtained, in 1837, from the Austrian government, a privilege of fifty years for the construction of a railroad between Milan and Como, is now negotiating with the Swiss Cantons of Grisons and St. Gall, an enterprise which would vie in magnitude with the Thames Tunnel—viz., the piercing through the Grisons Alps. Impressed with the commercial importance of the passage of the Splügen, and, at the same time, with the various obstacles which it presents, he thinks it possible to pierce through that mountain, and establish, in the passage thus effected, a railroad, the northern portion of which would end, either at Wallenstadt, or even at Schomercon, on the Lake of Zurich, and the southern should be connected with the Como and Milan Railroad. M. Volta, reckoning that thirty years will be required to execute the works, demands an exclusive privilege of a hundred years, with liberty to establish companies, in order to procure funds, or to transfer his privilege to other parties.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—A Lover of Historical Literature received.—We did not offer an opinion on the process of the Comte de Val Marino. The paragraph was avowedly copied from *The Times*.

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